

The
BEAUTIES of SWIFT:
or, the
Favorite Offspring
of
Wit & Genius.

*No writer can easily be found that has borrowed so
little, or that in all his excellencies & all his defects has
so well maintained his claim to be considered as original.*

D^o Johnson.



London,

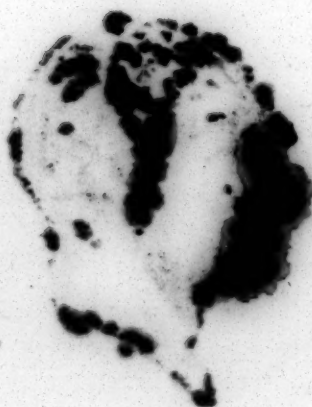
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T O

SAMUEL JOHNSON, *L.L.D.*

S I R,

THE republic of letters has more obligations to you than any character now living : every polished member of society is anxious at this hour to pay that homage to your genius the Parisians paid to Voltaire's, in the last stage of his immortal career, when the myrtle honors of gratitude and affection were placed upon his brows in a crowded and exulting theatre !

Your *Life of Swift* challenges the applause of all his admirers ; the opinion you have given of his admirable writings is as just as it is elegant, and will be read with pleasure while the charms of English literature continue to captivate.

While I exult in this merited eulogium to extraordinary abilities, the man of humanity claims the warmest plaudit of my heart likewise : this combination, with a Patriarch's length of blameless life, will give that air of consequence to my address that calumny cannot injure, and justify my choice to the lettered world.

I am, dear Sir,

(With every good wish for your felicity)

Your ardent admirer,

And obliged servant,

London, Aug. 15, 1782.

W. H.

A

PRE-

P R E F A C E.

THE Writings of Swift may be compared to a bouquet of extraordinary beauty, notwithstanding an offensive flower here and there intermixed, which his zeal for rectitude placed among the rest. Of such is his Ladies Dressing-room, Corinna; &c. which have been deemed by the million very indelicate. To form an instructive and entertaining volume, free from such pieces, has been the employment of the Editor of the present work for some time. A writer so vigorous in fancy, and elegant in diction, could not fail to furnish an agreeable pocket companion for every degree of society fond of letters. It has been remarked more than once, that Swift's poetical pieces are so sprightly and familiar, that the very indolent have been heard to express the warmest approbation, not a meer echo of the voice of the judicious and learned; for it has been found their acquaintance with Swift is more extensive than with any other writer whatsoever. Many entertaining anecdotes dispersed through various editions of his works, are collected into this volume, with some original ones, equally pleasing, which are subjoined to a life which will be found to be the production of a masterly hand.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

This Volume is selected from the last complete edition of Swift's works in twenty-seven volumes.

THE LIFE OF
JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D. D. S. P. D.

JONATHAN SWIFT was born in Dublin, November the thirtieth, in the year sixteen hundred and sixty seven, and was carried into England, soon after his birth, by his nurse, who, being obliged to cross the sea, and having a nurse's fondness for the child at her breast, conveyed him on ship-board, without the knowledge of his mother, or relations, and kept him with her at Whitehaven in Cumberland, during her residence three years at that place. Hence arose an opinion that he was born in England. The other suggestion concerning the illegitimacy of his birth is equally false. Sir William Temple was employed as a Minister abroad from the year 1665 to the year 1670; so that Dr. Swift's mother, who never crossed the sea, except from England to Ireland, was out of all possibility of a personal correspondence with Sir W. Temple till some years after her son's birth.

The Rev. Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodridge, near Ross, in Herefordshire; had six sons, one of which, named Jonathan, was the father of our author. He was by profession an attorney, and died some months before the birth of Dr. Swift. At six years old, he was sent to school at Kilkenny, and about eight years afterwards he was entered a student in Trinity College in Dublin.

In his academical studies he was either not diligent or not happy. It must disappoint every reader's expectation, that, when at the usual time he claimed the Bachelorship of Arts, he was found by the examiners too conspicuously deficient for regular admission, and obtained his degree at last by special favour; a term in that university to denote want of merit.

Of this disgrace it may be easily supposed that he was much ashamed, and shame had its proper effect in producing reformation. He resolved from that time to study eight hours a-day, and continued his industry for seven years, with what improvement is sufficiently known. This part of his story well deserves to be remembered; it may afford useful admonition and powerful encouragement to many men, whose abilities have been made for a time useless by their passions or pleasures, and who, having lost one part of life in idleness, are tempted to throw away the remainder in despair.

In this course of daily application he continued three years longer at Dublin; and in this time, if the observation and memory of an old companion may be trusted, he drew the first sketch of his Tale of a Tub.

When he was about one-and-twenty (1688), being, by the death of Godwin Swift, his uncle, who had supported him, left without subsistence, he went to consult his mother, who then lived at Leicester, about the future course of his life, and
by

by her direction solicited the advice and patronage of Sir William Temple, who had married one of Mrs. Swift's relations, and whose father, Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, had lived in great familiarity of friendship with Godwin Swift, by whom Jonathan had been to that time maintained.

Temple received with sufficient kindness the nephew of his father's friend, with whom he was, when they conversed together, so much pleased, that he detained him two years in his house. Here he became known to King William, who some times visited Temple when he was disabled by the gout, and being attended by Swift in the garden, shewed him how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way.

King William's notions were all military ; and he expressed his kindness to Swift by offering to make him a captain of horse.

Before he left Ireland he contracted a disorder, as he thought, by eating too much fruit. The original of diseases is commonly obscure. Almost every boy eats as much fruit as he can get, without any great inconvenience. The disease of Swift was giddiness, with deafness, which attacked him from time to time, began very early, pursued him through life, and at last sent him to the grave, deprived of reason.

Being much oppressed at Moor park by this grievous malady, he was advised to try his native air, and went to Ireland ; but, finding no benefit, re-

turned to sir William, at whose house he continued his studies, and is known to have read, among other books, Cyprian and Irenæus. He thought exercise of great necessity, and used to run half a mile up and down a hill every two hours.

It is easy to imagine that the mode in which his first degree was conferred left him no great fondness for the university of Dublin, and therefore he resolved to become a master of arts at Oxford. In the testimonial which he produced, the words of disgrace were omitted, and he took his master's degree (July 5, 1692) with such reception and regard as fully contented him.

While he lived with Temple, he used to pay his mother at Leicester an yearly visit. He travelled on foot, unless some violence of weather drove him into a waggon, and at night he would go to a penny lodging, where he purchased clean sheets for sixpence. This practice Lord Orrery imputes to his innate love of grossness and vulgarity : some may ascribe it to his desire of surveying human life through all its varieties ; and others, perhaps with equal probability, to a passion which seems to have been deep fixed in his heart, the love of a shilling.

In time he began to think that his attendance at Moor-park deserved some other recompence than the pleasure, however mingled with improvement, of Temple's conversation ; and grew so impatient that (1694) he went away in discontent.

Temple,

Temple, conscious of having given reason for complaint, is said to have made him deputy master of the Rolls in Ireland ; which, according to his kinsman's account, was an office which he knew him not able to discharge. Swift therefore resolved to enter into the church, in which he had at first no higher hopes than of the chaplainship to the factory at Lisbon ; but being recommended to Lord Capel, he obtained the prebend of Kilroot in Connor, of about a hundred pounds a year.

But the infirmities of Temple made a companion like Swift so necessary, that he invited him back, with a promise to procure him English preferment, in exchange for the prebend, which he desired him to resign. With this request Swift quickly complied, having perhaps equally repented their separation, and they lived on together with mutual satisfaction ; and, in the four years that passed between his return and Temple's death, it is probable that he wrote the Tale of a Tub and the Battle of the Books.

In 1699 Temple died, and left a legacy with his manuscripts to Swift, for whom he had obtained, from King William, a promise of the first prebend that should be vacant at Westminster or Canterbury.

That this promise might not be forgotten, Swift dedicated to the king the posthumous works with which he was intrusted, but neither the dedication, nor tenderness for the man whom he once had
treated

treated with confidence and fondness, revived in King William the remembrance of his promise. Swift awhile attended the court; but soon found his solicitations hopeless.

He was then invited by the Earl of Berkley to accompany him into Ireland, as his private secretary; but after having done the business till their arrival at Dublin, he then found that one Bush had persuaded the Earl that a clergyman was not a proper secretary, and had obtained the office for himself. In a man like Swift, such circumvention and inconstancy, must have excited violent indignation.

But he had more yet to suffer. Lord Berkley had the disposal of the deanery of Derry, and Swift expected to obtain it; but by the secretary's influence, supposed to have been secured by a bribe, it was bestowed on somebody else; and Swift was dismissed with the livings of Laracor and Rathbeggin in the diocese of Meath, which together did not equal half the value of the deanery.

At Laracor he increased the parochial duty by reading prayers on Wednesdays and Fridays, and performed all the offices of his profession with great decency and exactness.

Soon after his settlement at Laracor, he invited to Ireland the unfortunate Stella, a young woman whose name was Johnson, the daughter of the steward of Sir William Temple, who, in consideration

sideration of her father's virtues, left her a thousand pounds. With her came Mrs. Dingley, whose whole fortune was twenty seven pounds a year for her life. With these ladies he passed his hours of relaxation, and to them he opened his bosom; but they never resided in the same house, nor did he see either without a witness. They lived at the parsonage, when Swift was away; and when he returned, removed to a lodging, or to the house of a neighbouring clergyman.

Swift was not one of those minds which amaze the world with early pregnancy: his first work, except his few poetical essays, was the *Dissentions in Athens and Rome*, published (1701) in his thirty-fourth year. After its appearance, paying a visit to some bishop, he heard mention made of the new pamphlet that Burnet had written, replete with political knowledge. When he seemed to doubt Burnet's right to the work, he was told by the bishop, that he was a young man; and, still persisting to doubt, that he was a very positive young man.

For some time after Swift was probably employed in solitary study, gaining the qualifications requisite for future eminence. How often he visited England, and with what diligence he attended his parishes, I know not. It was not till about four years afterwards that he became a professed author, and then one year (1708) produced the *Sentiments of a Church of England Man*; the
ridicule

ridicule of Astrology under the name of Bickerstaff ; the Argument against abolishing Christianity ; and the defence of the Sacramental Test.

Soon after began the busy and important part of Swift's life. He was employed (seventeen hundred and ten) by the primate of Ireland to solicit the queen for a remission of the first fruits and twentieth parts to the Irish clergy. With this purpose he had recourse to Mr. Harley, to whom he was mentioned as a man neglected and oppressed by the last ministry, because he had refused to co-operate with some of their schemes. What he had refused, has never been told ; what he had suffered was, I suppose, the exclusion from a bishoprick by the remonstrances of Sharpe, whom he describes as *the harmless tool of others hate*, and whom he represents as afterwards *suing for pardon*.

Harley's designs and situations were such as made him glad of an auxiliary so well qualified for his service ; he therefore soon admitted him to familiarity, whether ever to confidence some have made a doubt ; but it would have been difficult to excite his zeal without persuading him that he was trusted, and not very easy to delude him by false persuasions.

He was certainly admitted to those meetings in which the first hints and original plan of action are supposed to have been formed ; and was one of the sixteen Ministers, or agents of the Ministry, who

who met weekly at each others houses, and were united by the name of Brother.

Swift now attained the zenith of his political importance : he published (1712) the Conduct of the Allies, ten days before the parliament assembled. The purpose was to persuade the nation to a peace, and never had any writer more success. The people, who had been amused with bonfires and triumphal processions, and looked with idolatry on the General and his friends, who, as they thought, had made England the arbitress of nations, were confounded between shame and rage, when they found that *mines had been exhausted, and millions destroyed*, to secure the Dutch or aggrandize the Emperor, without any advantage to ourselves ; that we had been bribing our neighbours to fight their own quarrel ; and that amongst our enemies we might number our allies.

Whatever is received, say the schools, is received in proportion to the recipient. The power of a political treatise depends much upon the disposition of the people ; the nation was then combustible, and a spark set it on fire. It is boasted, that between November and January eleven thousand were sold ; a great number at that time, when we were not yet a nation of readers. To its propagation certainly no agency of power or influence was wanting. It furnished arguments for conversation, speeches for debate, and materials for parliamentary resolutions.

Yet,

Yet, surely, whoever surveys this wonder working pamphlet with cool perusal, will confess that its efficacy was supplied by the passions of its readers ; that it operates by the mere weight of facts, with very little assistance from the hand that produced them.

Swift accepted (1713) the deanery of St. Patrick, the best preferment that his friends could venture to give him. That ministry was in a great degree supported by the clergy, who were not yet reconciled to the author of a tale of a tub, and would not without much discontent and indignation have borne to see him installed in an English cathedral.

He refused, indeed, fifty pounds from Lord Oxford ; but he accepted afterwards a draught of a thousand upon the exchequer, which was intercepted by the queen's death, and which he resigned, as he says himself, *multa gemens, with many a groan.*

He went to take possession of his deanery, as soon as he had obtained it ; but he was not suffered to stay in Ireland more than a fortnight before he was recalled to England, that he might reconcile Lord Oxford and Lord Bolingbroke, who began to look on one another with malevolence, which every day increased, and which Bolingbroke appeared to retain in his last years.

Swift contrived an interview, from which they
both

both departed discontented : he procured a second, which only convinced him that the feud was irreconcilable ; he told them his opinion, that all was lost. This denunciation was contradicted by Oxford, but Bolingbroke whispered that he was right.

But, by the disunion of his great friends, his importance and his designs were now at an end ; and seeing his services at last useless, he retired about June (1714) into Berkshire, where, in the house of a friend, he wrote what was then suppressed, but has since appeared under the title of *Free Thoughts on the present State of Affairs*.

The accounts of his reception in Ireland, given by Lord Orrery and Dr. Delany, are so different, that the credit of the writers, both undoubtedly veracious, cannot be saved but by supposing, what I think is true, that they speak of different times. When Delany says that he was received with kindness and respect, he means for the first fortnight, when he came to take legal possession ; and when Lord Orrery tells that he was pelted by the populace, he is to be understood of the time when, after the Queen's death, he became a settled resident.

Swift now, much against his will, commenced Irishman for life, and was to contrive how he might be best accommodated in a country where he considered himself as in a state of exile. It seems that his first recourse was to piety. The thoughts

of death rushed upon him, at this time, with such incessant importunity, that they took possession of his mind when he first waked for many years together.

He opened his house by a public table two days a week, and found his entertainments gradually frequented by more and more visitants of learning among the men, and of elegance among the women. Mrs. Johnson had left the country, and lived in lodgings not far from the deanery. On his publick days she regulated the table, but always appeared at it as a mere guest, like other ladies.

On other days he often dined, at a stated price, with Mr. Worral, a clergyman of his cathedral, whose house was recommended by the peculiar neatness and pleasantry of his wife. To this frugal mode of living, he was first disposed by care to pay some debts which he had contracted, and he continued it for the pleasure of accumulating money. His avarice, however, was not suffered to obstruct the claims of his dignity; he was served in plate, and used to say that he was the poorest gentleman in Ireland that eat upon plate, and the richest that lived without a coach.

How he spent the rest of his time, and how he employed his hours of study, has been enquired with hopeless curiosity. For who can give an account of another's studies? Swift was not likely

ly to admit any to his privacies, or to impart a minute account of his business or his leisure.

Soon after (1716), in his forty-ninth year, he was privately married to Mrs. Johnson by Dr. Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, as Dr. Madden told me, in the garden. The marriage made no change in their mode of life; they lived in different houses, as before; nor did she ever lodge in the deanery but when Swift was seized with a fit of giddiness. "It would be difficult," says Lord Orrery, "to prove that they were ever afterwards together without a third person."

The Dean of St. Patrick's lived in a private manner, known and regarded only by his friends, till, about the year 1720, he, by a pamphlet, recommended to the Irish the use, and consequently the improvement, of their manufacture. For a man to use the productions of his own labour is surely a natural right, and to like best what he makes himself is a natural passion. But to excite this passion, and enforce this right, appeared so criminal to those who had an interest in the English trade, that the printer was imprisoned; and, as Hawkesworth justly observes, the attention of the public being by this outrageous resentment turned upon the proposal, the author was by consequence made popular.

In 1723 died Mrs. Van Homrigh, a woman made unhappy by her admiration of wit, and ignominiously distinguished by the name of *Va-*

nessa, whose conduct has been already sufficiently discussed, and whose history is too well known to be minutely repeated. She was a young woman fond of literature, whom *Decanus* the *Dean*, called *Cadenus* by transposition of the letters, took pleasure in directing and instructing; till, from being proud of his praise, she grew fond of his person. Swift was then about forty-seven, at an age when vanity is strongly excited by the amorous attention of a young woman. If it be said that Swift should have checked a passion which he never meant to gratify, recourse must be had to that extenuation which he so much despised, *Men are but Men*: perhaps, however, he did not at first know his own mind, and, as he represents himself, was undetermined. For his admission of her courtship, and his indulgence of her hopes after his marriage to Stella, no other honest plea can be found, than that he delayed a disagreeable discovery from time to time, dreading the immediate bursts of distress, and watching for a favourable moment. She thought herself neglected, and died of disappointment; having ordered by her will the poem to be published, in which *Cadenus* had proclaimed her excellence, and confessed his love.

The great acquisition of esteem and influence was made by the *Drapier's Letters* in 1724, the purport of which few readers are unacquainted with.

Lord

Lord Carteret and the Privy-Council published a proclamation, offering three hundred pounds for discovering the author of the fourth letter. Swift had concealed himself from his printers, and trusted only his butler, who transcribed the paper. The man, immediately after the appearance of the proclamation, strolled from the house, and staid out all night, and part of the next day. There was reason enough to fear that he had betrayed his master for the reward ; but he came home, and the Dean ordered him to put off his livery, and leave the house ; “ for,” says he, “ I know that my life is in your power, and I will “ not bear, out of fear, either your insolence or “ negligence.” The man excused his fault with great submission, and begged that he might be confined in the house while it was in his power to endanger his master ; but the Dean resolutely turned him out, without taking farther notice of him till the term of information had expired, and then received him again. Soon afterwards he ordered him and the rest of the servants into his presence, without telling his intentions, and bade them take notice that their fellow-servant was no longer Robert the butler ; but that his integrity had made him Mr. Blakeney, verger of St. Patrick’s ; an officer whose income was between thirty and forty poun’s a year, but he still continued for some years to serve his old master as his butler.

Swift was known from this time by the appellation of *The Dean*. He was honoured by the populace, as the champion, patron, and instructor of Ireland ; and gained such power as, considered both in its extent and duration, scarcely any man has ever enjoyed without greater wealth or higher station.

He was from this important year the oracle of the traders, and the idol of the rabble, and by consequence was feared and courted by all to whom the kindness of the traders or the populace was necessary. The *Drapier* was a sign ; the *Drapier* was a health ; and which way soever the eye or the ear was turned, some tokens were found of the nation's gratitude to the *Drapier*.

The benefit indeed was great ; he had rescued Ireland from a very oppressive and predatory invasion ; and the popularity which he had gained he was diligent to keep, by appearing forward and zealous on every occasion where the public interest was supposed to be involved. Nor did he much scruple to boast his influence ; for when, upon some attempts to regulate the coin, Archbishop Boulter, then one of the Justices, accused him of exasperating the people, he exculpated himself by saying, " If I had lifted up my finger, they would have torn you to pieces."

But

But the pleasure of popularity was soon interrupted by domestic misery. Mrs Johnson, whose conversation was to him the great softener of the ills of life, began in the year of the Drapier's triumph to decline; and two years afterwards was so wasted with sickness, that her recovery was considered as hopeless.

Swift was then in England, and had been invited by Lord Bolingbroke to pass the winter with him in France; but this call of calamity hastened him to Ireland, where perhaps his presence contributed to restore her to imperfect and tottering health.

He was now so much at ease, that (1727) he returned to England; where he collected three volumes of Miscellanies in conjunction with Pope, who prefixed a querulous and apologetical Preface.

He was seized not long afterwards by a fit of giddiness, and again heard of the sickness and danger of Mrs. Johnson. He then left the house of Pope, as it seems, with very little ceremony, finding that *two sick friends cannot live together*; and did not write to him till he found himself at Chester.

He returned to a home of sorrow: poor Stella was sinking into the grave, and, after a languishing delay of about two months, died in her forty-fourth

fourth year, on January 28, 1728. How much he wished her life, his papers tell us; nor can it be doubted that he dreaded the death of her whom he loved most, aggravated by the consciousness that himself had hastened it.

Beauty and the power of pleasing, the greatest external advantages that woman can desire or possess, were fatal to the unfortunate Stella. The man whom she had the misfortune to love, was, as Delany observes, fond of singularity, and desirous to make a mode of happiness for himself, out of the general course of things and order of Providence. From the time of her arrival in Ireland he seems resolved to keep her in his power, and therefore hindered a match sufficiently advantageous, by accumulating unreasonable demands, and prescribing conditions that could not be performed. While she was at her own disposal he did not consider his possession as secure; resentment, ambition, or caprice, might separate them; he was therefore resolved to make *assurance double sure*, and to appropriate her by a private marriage, to which he had annexed the expectation of all the pleasures of perfect friendship, without the uneasiness of conjugal restraint. But with this state poor Stella was not satisfied; she never was treated as a wife, and to the world she had the appearance of a mistress. She lived sullenly on, in hope that in time he would own and receive her; but the
time

time did not come till the change of his manners and depravation of his mind made her tell him, when he offered to acknowledge her, *that it was too late*. She then gave up herself to sorrowful repentment, and died by the tyranny of him, by whom she was in the highest degree loved and honoured.

What were her claims to this excentrick tenderness, by which the laws of nature were violated to retain her, curiosity will enquire ; but how shall it be gratified ? Swift was a lover ; his testimony may be suspected. Delany and the Irish saw with Swift's eyes, and therefore add little confirmation. That she was virtuous, beautiful, and elegant, in a very high degree, such admiration from such a lover makes it very probable ; but she had not much literature, for she could not spell her own language ; and of her wit, so loudly vaunted, the smart sayings with Swift has collected afford no splendid specimen.

In some Remarks lately published on the life of Swift, this marriage is mentioned as fabulous, or doubtful ; but, alas ! poor Stella, as Dr. Madden told me, related her melancholy story to Dr. Sheridan, when he attended her as a clergyman to prepare her for death ; and Delany tells it not with doubt, but only with regret. Swift never mentioned her without a sigh.

The rest of his life was spent in Ireland, in a
country

country to which not even power almost despotic, nor flattery almost idolatrous, could reconcile him. He sometimes wished to visit England, but always found some reason of delay. He tells Pope, in the decline of life, that he hopes once more to see him ; *but if not, says he, we must part, as all human beings have parted.*

After the death of Stella, his benevolence was contracted, and his severity exasperated ; he drove his acquaintance from his table, and wondered why he was deserted. But he continued his attention to the public, and wrote from time to time such directions, admonitions, or censures, as the various exigency of affairs, in his opinion, made proper ; and nothing fell from his pen in vain.

In a short poem on the Presbyterians, whom he always regarded with detestation, he bestowed one stricture upon Bettefworth, a lawyer eminent for his insolence to the clergy, which, from very considerable reputation, brought him into immediate and universal contempt. Bettefworth, enraged at his disgrace and loss, went to Swift, and demanded whether he was the author of that poem. “ Mr. Bettefworth,” answered he, “ I was in my youth acquainted with
 “ great lawyers, who, knowing my disposition to
 “ satire, advised me, that, if any scoundrel or
 “ blockhead whom I had lampooned should ask,
 “ *Are you the author of this paper,* I should tell
 “ him

“ him that I was not the author ; and therefore I
“ tell you, Mr. Bettessworth, that I am not the
“ author of these lines.”

Bettessworth was so little satisfied with this account, that he publickly professed his resolution of a violent and corporal revenge ; but the inhabitants of St. Patrick's district embodied themselves in the Dean's defence ; and Bettessworth declared in Parliament, that Swift had deprived him of twelve hundred pounds a year.

Swift was popular awhile by another mode of beneficence. He set aside some hundreds to be lent in small sums to the poor, from five shillings, I think, to five pounds. He took no interest, and only required that, at repayment, a small fee should be given to the accomptant ; but he required that the day of promised payment should be exactly kept. A severe and punctilious temper is ill qualified for transactions with the poor ; the day was often broken, and the loan not repaid. This might have been easily foreseen ; but for this Swift had made no provision of patience or pity. He ordered his debtors to be sued. A severe creditor has no popular character ; what then was likely to be said of him who employs the catchpoll under the appearance of charity ? The clamour against him was loud, and the resentment of the populous outrageous ; he was therefore forced to drop his scheme, and own the folly of expecting punctuality from the poor.

His

His asperity continually increasing, condemned him to solitude; and his resentment of solitude sharpened his asperity. He was not, however, totally deserted: some men of learning, and some women of elegance, often visited him; and he wrote from time to time either verse or prose; of his verses he willingly gave copies, and is supposed to have felt no discontent, when he saw them printed. His favourite maxim was *vive la bagatelle*; he thought trifles a necessary part of life, and perhaps found them necessary to himself. It seems impossible to him to be idle, and his disorders made it difficult or dangerous to be long seriously studious or laboriously diligent. The love of ease is always gaining upon age, and he had one temptation to petty amusements peculiar to himself; whatever he did, he was sure to hear applauded; and such was his predominance over all that approached, that all their applauses were probably sincere. He that is much flattered, soon learns to flatter himself: we are commonly taught our duty by fear or shame, and how can they act upon the man who hears nothing but their own praises?

As his years increased, his fits of giddiness and deafness grew more frequent, and his deafness made conversation difficult; they grew likewise more severe, till in 1736, as he was writing a poem
called

called the *Legion Club*, he was seized with a fit so painful, and so long continued, that he never after thought it proper to attempt any work of thought or labour.

He was always careful of his money, and therefore no liberal entertainer ; but was less frugal of his wine than of his meat. When his friends of either sex came to him, in expectation of a dinner, his custom was to give every one a shilling, that they might please themselves with their provision. At last his avarice grew too powerful for his kindness ; he would refuse a bottle of wine, and in Ireland no man visits where he cannot drink.

Having thus excluded conversation, and desisted from study, he had neither business nor amusement; for having, by some ridiculous resolution or mad vow, determined never to wear spectacles, he could make little use of books in his latter years : his ideas, therefore, being neither renovated by discourse, nor increased by reading, wore gradually away, and left his mind vacant to the vexations of the hour, till at last his anger was heightened into madness.

He however permitted one book to be published, which had been the production of former years ; *Polite Conversation*, which appeared in 1738. The *Directions for Servants* was printed soon after his death. These two performances shew a mind incessantly attentive, and, when it was not employed upon great things, busy with minute occurrences.

It is apparent that he must have had the habit of noting whatever he observed ; for such a number of particulars could never have been assembled by the power of recollection.

He grew more violent ; and his mental powers declined till (1741) it was found necessary that legal guardians should be appointed of his person and fortune. He now lost distinction. His madness was compounded of rage and fatuity. The last face that he knew was that of Mrs. Whiteway, and her he ceased to know in a little time. His meat was brought him cut into mouthfuls ; but he would never touch it while the servant staid, and at last, after it had stood perhaps an hour, would eat it walking ; for he continued his old habit, and was on his feet ten hours a-day.

Next year (1742) he had an inflammation in his left eye, which swelled it to the size of an egg, with boils in other parts ; he was kept long waking with the pain, and was not easily restrained by five attendants from tearing out his eye.

The tumour at last subsided ; and a short interval of reason ensuing, in which he knew his physician and his family, gave hopes of recovery, * but in a few days he sunk into lethargick stupidity, motionless, heedless, and speechless. But it is said, that after a year of total silence, when his
house-

* It was about this time he viewed himself in a looking-glass as he was led across the room, and cried out, in a piteous manner, " O poor old man ! "

housekeeper, on the 30th of November, told him that the usual bonfires and illuminations were preparing to celebrate his birth-day, he answered, *It is all folly; they had better let it alone.*

It is remembered that he afterwards spoke now and then, or gave some intimation of a meaning; but at last sunk into perfect silence, which continued till about the end of October 1744, when, in his seventy eighth year, he expired without a struggle.

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF DR. SWIFT.

“Some time after Dr. Swift came to the Deanery of *St. Patrick's*, taking his rounds through the liberty of his precinct, he saw a nailer and his wife at work, very early in the morning, and stopping to talk with them, asked, “How much they earned in a week, what children they had, and how much money to carry on trade?” They answered, “They had five children, no stock, nor any money to carry on business, nor could they ever have a penny at the week's end, being obliged to pay very dear for iron rods they got from the ironmonger, who employed them to make nails, which he had very cheap from them, and made them pay the highest price for the rod-iron, as he gave them credit, and took it out in work; and, what with the expence of rent, coals, and maintenance of their children, they could never have one half-

penny before hand." The Dean then asked the man how much money would be sufficient to buy in rod-iron and coals, and to sell his nails to another ironmonger, and to dispose of some in his own shop. The nailer answered, "Thirty shillings would make him very happy." The Dean replied, "Suppose I should lend you that money, how do you propose to pay it?" The nailer answered "by a shilling a week." "Then, said the Dean, I will advance you three guineas, to be paid by a shilling every week; I insist upon your being punctual in the payment, very honest, and very industrious, which is the surest way to thrive." The Dean, although he often passed by the shop, which was in New-street, near the Dean's liberty, seeing the nailer still continue his industry, did not call to him in three years; then asked him, "How his wife and children were? what stock in trade he had by him? and whether he could pay him the money he lent him?" The nailer immediately shewed him his wife and children, who were very clean and decently dressed; told him how much his trade and stock were increased; that he had the money ready to pay him, for which he, his wife, and children, were most thankful, as in duty bound, for their extreme happiness from so generous and good a benefactor; and that, after paying the Dean, he had thirteen guineas and odd money, and was out of debt." This debt the Dean refused; and made the nailer a present of five guineas more, for his great industry

industry and œconomy. This, it is reported, was the first cause of the Dean's lending small sums to poor industrious tradesmen.

“ He always treated his mother, during her life, with the utmost duty and affection ; and she sometimes came to *Ireland*, to visit him after his settlement at *Laracor*. She lodged at Mrs. *Brent's*, the printer, in *George's-lane, Dublin*. She asked Mrs. *Brent*, her landlady, “ whether she could keep a secret ? ” who replied, “ she could very well.” Upon which she enjoined her not to make the matter public, which she was now going to communicate to her. “ I have a spark in this town, that I carried on a correspondence with whilst I was in *England*. He will be here presently, to pay his addresses, for he has heard by this time of my arrival. But I would not have the matter known.” Soon after this a rap was heard at the door ; and Dr. *Swift* walked up stairs. Mrs. *Brent* retired ; but, after a little time, she was called ; and then Mrs. *Swift* introduced her to her son, and said, “ This is my spark I was telling you of : this is my lover ; and indeed the only one I shall ever admit to pay their addresses to me.” The Doctor smiled at his mother's humour, and afterwards paid his duty to her every day unsuspected by Mrs. *Brent*, whom he invited some years afterwards to take care of his family affairs, when he became Dean of *St. Patrick's*. And when she died,

he continued her daughter (Mrs. *Ridgway*, then a poor widow) in the same office.

A young clergyman, the son of a bishop in *Ireland*, having married without the knowledge of his friends, it gave umbrage to his family, who on that account were very angry, and his father would not see him. Dr. *Swift*, being in company with him some time after, said, "That, when he was
" a school-boy at *Kilkenny*, he longed very much
" to have a horse of his own to ride on ; that one
" day he saw a poor man leading a very mangy
" lean horse out of the town, to kill him for the
" skin and the shoes. *Swift*, being much moved, ask'd
" the man, if he would sell him? The bargain was
" very soon made ; and *Swift* gave him all the
" money he had, which was about eighteen pence:
" the purchaser immediately got on him, to the
" very great envy of some of his school fellows,
" and to the ridicule of others, and rode him a-
" bout the town ; but the horse very soon tired,
" and lay down. *Swift*, who had no stable for
" him, nor any money to pay for his grazing, hay,
" or oats, began to cry, and wept for the mo-
" ney. But the horse died immediately, which
" gave the owner great relief." To this the
young clergyman answered, "Sir, your story is ve-
" ry good, and applicable to me. I own I deserve
" it;" and then burst into a flood of tears. The
Dean made no reply, but went the next day to the
lord lieutenant, prevailed on him to give the young
gen-

gentleman a small parish which was then vacant, to support him and his wife, and soon after made a reconciliation between the father and the son.

Being in company one day with Dr. Bolton archbishop of *Cashel*, and Dr. *Edward Synge*, bishop of *Elphin*, and other trustees of the linen manufacture; he asked them, why that board did not elect him a trustee, that he might have it in his power to serve his country? The archbishop answered, *that he was too sharp a razor, and would cut them all.* To which the Dean made no reply.

At a commencement in *Trinity College, Dublin*, some time about the year 1734, Dr. *Swift* came into the regent house, where the vice-chancellor, doctors, and masters were sitting. On his entrance, the master nearest the door rose up, and so on in succession until he advanced towards the head of the room, where the vice-chancellor, Dr. *Stearns*, bishop of *Clogher*, and Dr. *Baldwin*, provost, sat as presidents; and, notwithstanding all the discouragements of the vice-chancellor and others at that end of the room, almost every one found themselves in a disposition to rise up. The same happened to *Virgil* in the senate of *Rome*.

The reverend Mr. *Harte*, an eminent poet, and author of the life of *Gustavus Adolphus*, hath informed some of his friends, that he had read eleven sermons of the Dean's, which he had lent to Mr. *Pope*, who assured Mr. *Harte*, they were the best
he

he ever had read; and Mr. *Harte* hath said the same, who was very circumstantial in telling "they were not only stitched together, but in a black leather case; that they were among Mr. *Pope's* papers, when he died; and that he believed that Dr. *Warburton*, who had the revision and publication of all *Pope's* writings after his death, might have seen them:" if so, it is hoped that learned gentlemen will oblige the world with the publication of so vast a treasure. *

Dr. *Swift* frequently cleaned his library, to clear it of rubbish, and often burned MSS. of his own, which did not please him. One day in particular he brought above thirty of his sermons from the study into his bed-chamber, where he was going to throw them into the fire; and being asked, what papers they were? he answered, "old sermons, which I shall never preach again!" Upon which Dr. *Sheridan* begged them, saying, "they would be very useful to him, who might preach very often;" on which the Dean gave them to him. Three of these sermons, to wit, on the Trinity, on the Testimony of Conscience, and on Mutual Subjection, were published after Dr. *Sheridan's* death, by his eldest son Thomas, who hath made a great figure as an excellent player, and also an author, by his treatise on *British* education. What became of the others, we cannot tell: but five other discourses, with great difficulty, have been procured, and added to the foregoing.

One

* Dr. Warburton never acknowledged his having met with these.

One Sunday, being at *Donnybrook* church, near *Dublin*, Dr. *Whittingham*, archdeacon of the diocese, not coming in time, the Dean went into the church, put on the surplice, began the service, and was reading the first lesson when the archdeacon entered; and when he came into the desk, the Dean took off the surplice, gave it to him, and desired him to go on, shewing him the last verse he had read; which he was obliged to comply with. This astonished the congregation, but particularly the archdeacon, who asked the Dean the cause of such behaviour. To which he answered, "You
" should not keep so many people waiting for you,
" some of whom perhaps have several miles to ride
" to dinner, which may be spoiled by your
" delay."

The following story the Dean told Mrs. *Pilkington*: " A clergyman *, who was a most
" learned fine gentleman, but under the softest and
" politest appearance concealed the most turbulent
" ambition, having made his merit as a preacher
" too eminent to be overlooked, had it early re-
" warded with a mitre. Dr. *Swift* went to con-
" gratulate him on it; but told him, he hoped, as
" his lordship was a native of *Ireland*, and had now
" a seat in the house of peers, he would employ his
" powerful elocution in the service of his distressed
" country. The prelate told him, the bishop-
" rick

* Dr. *Theophilus Bolton*. See his *Promotions*. vol. 24. p. 400.

“rick was but a very small one, and he could not hope for a better if he did not oblige the court. “Very well,” says *Swift*, “then it is to be hoped, when you have a better, you will become an honest man.” “Ay, that I will, Mr. Dean,” says he. “Till then, my lord, farewell.” answered *Swift*. This prelate was twice translated to richer sees; and, on every translation, “Dr *Swift* waited on him to remind him of his promise, but to no purpose; there was now an archbishoprick in view, and till that was obtained, nothing could be done. Having in a short time likewise got this, he then sent for the Dean, and told him, “I am now at the top of my preferment; for I well know that no *Irishman* will ever be made primate; therefore, as I can rise no higher in fortune or station, I will zealously promote the good of my country.” And from that time he became a most zealous patriot.

Some time before the Dean’s memory failed him, Dr. *Delany* went to visit him one morning, and asked, “Mr. Dean, how do you?” He answered, “I am not the Dean, I am not what I was; pity me, and pray for me.”

For many years before he died, he was afraid of losing his memory, which made him dread a long life. This misfortune he was so very sensible of, that he drew the strongest picture of it imaginable, in the character of the *Struldbrugs* in *Gulliver’s Travels*. One

One time, in a journey from *Drogheda* to *Navan*, he rode before his company, made a sudden stop, dismounted his horse, fell on his knees, lifted up his hands, and prayed in the most devout manner. When his friends came up, he desired and insisted on their alighting, which they did, and asked him the meaning. "Gentlemen," said he "pray join your hearts in fervent prayers with mine, that I may never be like this oak tree, which is decayed and withered at the top, whilst all the other parts are sound."

"Another time, walking with *Dr. Young*, the celebrated poet, and some others, about a mile from *Dublin* the Dean stopped short. The company passed on; but not seeing him follow, *Dr. Young* went back, and found the Dean fixed as a statue, earnestly gazing at a lofty elm, which in its uppermost branches was much withered and decayed. Pointing to it, he said, "I shall be like that tree, I shall die at top *."

The Dean was invited to dine with the Primate of Ireland, where a numerous company assembled, which he of all things, held in detestation. The company had not been above a minute seated to dinner when a Colonel Campbel entered, and seeing the table full was about to retire to a side-table, when the primate observed he would find room near Doctor Swift. The Dean, without any ceremony, moved his chair and made room for the

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* This circumstance is confirmed by *Dr. Young* himself. See "Conjectures on Original Composition," *Young's works*, v. 5, p. 116.

Colonel. Surveying at the same time his regimentals from top to bottom. He had scarcely swallowed three mouthfulls when he heard the door open again, and bouncing up exclaimed “What, another Colonel Campbell ! your grace should not have ordered the *lobsters* till supper, and then I should be in bed and in my first sleep.”

In the reign of King William, to whom Swift was no friend, on account of a neglect he met with from that prince, and therefore had connected himself with the opposite party, it happened, that the King had either chosen, or had actually taken this motto for his state coach in Ireland,

Non rapui, sed recepi.

I did not steal, but I received ;

alluding to his being called to the throne by the people, and to clear himself from the imputation of violence. This was industriously reported to Swift by one of his emissaries : and what, said he to the Dean, do you think the Prince of Orange has chosen for his motto on his state coach ?—— *Dutch cheese*, said the Dean, with a reluctant smile (for he scorned to laugh, and even a smile was extorted.) No, said the gentleman, but, Non rapui, sed recepi. ——— Ay, says Swift—— but there is an old saying and a true, *The receiver is as bad as the thief*. An embittered reflection, not unworthy of his known misanthropy, and rather superior contempt of the degeneracy of the human species.

Some person, I think it was Dr. Delany, having this motto on his coach ;

Nam avos et proavos et quæ no fecimus ipsi,
Vix ea nostra voco.

Far to boast of birth, and matters in which we have no merit, I scarce can call such things mine.

Swift, seeing it, wrote under it,

By this grave motto be it known,
Delany's coach is not his own.

Lord S—— in Ireland having this motto on his coach ;

Eques haud male notus
A nobleman not ill known.

And this gentleman not having the greatest alacrity in prompt payments of his tradesmen's bills, Dr. Swift very gravely observed, " I think the Latin motto on Lord S——'s coach may be literally rendered,

Better known than trusted.

The scholars of Trinity College, Dublin, had, in a *gaité du cœur*, invited themselves to supper with the Dean one Friday night, on which night they never have any supper throughout the year, and therefore flung, as they call it, among their friends. The Dean very pleasantly received them ; and, to their surprize, supper was brought in before they could imagine it was ready. The table was laid out in the most neat manner, and the Dean being seated, several servants brought in the dishes covered. Come, gentlemen, says he, uncover ; which they did, and found the dishes contain nothing but ragouts of old books and musty rums ; at which, though perhaps not well pleased with their fare, they forced their features into a grin of complaisance, as admiring the Dean's wit, not doubting but the second course would make amends for the insipidity of the first, and that Epicurus would follow Burgerfidius
and

and Keckerman. The second course came in, covered also. They did as before, and found nothing but salt.—There, said the Dean, there is a feast for Plato. There is *Sales Atticæ* for you; indulge, indulge.—This produced another laugh. The second course being removed, in came the third, which consisted of plates covered, in number tallying with the guests; each uncovering his plate, found half a crown. Some took them up, and others left them, and thus ended the entertainment: the Dean ushered them to the door in the waiter's phrase of, Kindly welcome, gentlemen.

The Dean was very fond of his servants, whom on any neglects he punished in a humorous manner, rather than with severity. His cook-maid Catherine had obtained leave to go to Rafarnam on a summer's evening, and being got half the way, a mile or so on the road, the Dean dispatched a man and horse after her with charge to bring her back directly to dress supper for some guests which he had not expected, but not to give her a lift on the horse. She was very fat, and the weather melting warm; and when she returned to the Deanry-house, she was all in a bath! and very gravely making a court'sy, asked his Reverence, what were his commands?—"Not much, Catherine" said the Dean, "only you forgot to shut the door. You may go to Rafarnam." Poor Catherine, thus mortified, went down, and undressing herself in tears, deferred her journey to another opportunity.

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T H E

BEAUTIES OF SWIFT.

A • LETTER TO A VERY YOUNG LADY,
ON HER MARRIAGE.

MADAM,

THE hurry and impertinence of receiving
and paying visits on account of your marriage being now over, you are beginning to enter into a course of life, where you will want much advice to divert you from falling into many errors, fopperies, and follies, to which your sex is subject. I have always borne an entire friendship to your father and mother; and the person they have chosen for your husband, hath been for some years

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* This Letter ought to be read by all new married women, and will be read with pleasure and advantage by the most distinguished and most accomplished ladies.

Orrery.

past my particular favourite ; I have long wished you might come together, because I hoped, that from the goodness of your disposition, and by following the counsel of wise friends, you might in time make yourself worthy of him. Your parents were so far in the right, that they did not produce you much into the world, whereby you avoided many wrong steps, which others have taken, and have fewer ill impressions to be removed : but they failed, as is generally the case, in too much neglecting to cultivate your mind ; without which it is impossible to acquire or preserve the friendship and esteem of a wise man, who soon grows weary of acting the lover and treating his wife like a mistress, but wants a reasonable companion, and a true friend through every stage of his life. It must be therefore your business to qualify yourself for those offices ; wherein I will not fail to be your director, as long as I shall think you deserve it, by letting you know how you are to act, and what you ought to avoid.

And beware of despising or neglecting my instructions, whereon will depend not only your making a good figure in the world, but your own real happiness, as well as that of the person, who ought to be the dearest to you.

I must

I must therefore desire you, in the first place, to be very slow in changing the *modest behaviour* of a *virgin*: it is usual in young wives, before they have been many weeks married, to assume a bold forward look and manner of talking; as if they intended to signify in all companies, that they were no longer girls, and consequently that their whole demeanor, before they got a husband, was all but a countenance and constraint upon their nature: whereas, I suppose, if the votes of wise men were gathered, a very great majority would be in favour of those ladies, who, after they were entered into that state, rather chose to double their portion of modesty and reservedness.

I must likewise warn you strictly against the least degree of *fondness* to your husband before any witness whatsoever, even before your nearest relations, or very maids of your chamber. This proceeding is so exceeding odious and disgusting to all, who have either good breeding or good sense, that they assign two very unamiable reasons for it; the one is gross hypocrisy, and the other is too bad a name to mention. If there is any difference to be made, your husband is the lowest person in company, either at home or abroad, and every gentleman

present has a better claim to all marks of civility and distinction from you. Conceal your esteem and love in your own breast, and reserve your kind looks and language for private hours, which are so many in the four and twenty, that they will afford time to employ a passion as exalted as any that was ever described in a *French* romance.

Upon this head I should likewise advise you to differ in practice from those ladies, who affect abundance of *uneasiness*, while their husbands are abroad; start with every knock at the door, and ring the bell incessantly for the servants to let in their master; will not eat a bit at dinner or supper, if the husband happens to stay out; and receive him at his return with such a medley of chiding and kindness, and catechising him where he has been, that a shrew from *Billinggate* would be a more easy and eligible companion.

Of the same leaven are those wives, who, when their husbands are gone a journey, must have a letter every post upon pain of fits and hysterics; and a day must be fixed for their return home, without the least allowance for business, or sickness, or accidents, or weather: upon which I can only say, that, in my observation, those ladies, who are
apt

apt to make the greatest clutter on such occasions, would liberally have paid a messenger for bringing the news, that their husbands had broken their necks on the road.

You will perhaps be offended, when I advise you to abate a little of that violent passion for *fine cloaths* so predominant in your sex. It is a little hard, that ours, for whose sake you wear them, are not admitted to be of your council. I may venture to assure you, that we will make an abatement at any time of four pounds a yard in a brocade, if the ladies will but allow a suitable addition of care in the *cleanliness* and sweetness of their persons. For the satyrical part of mankind will needs believe, that it is not impossible to be very fine and very filthy ; and that the capacities of a lady are sometimes apt to fall short in cultivating cleanliness and finery together. I shall only add, upon so tender a subject, what a pleasant gentleman said concerning a silly woman of quality ; that nothing could make her supportable but cutting off her head ; for his ears were offended by her tongue, and his nose by her hair and teeth.

I am wholly at a loss how to advise you in the choice of *company*, which however is a point of as great importance as any in your life. If your general acquaintance be among ladies, who are your equals or superiors, provided they have nothing of what is commonly called an ill reputation, you think you are safe; and this, in the stile of the world, will pass for good company. Whereas I am afraid it will be hard for you to pick out one female acquaintance in this town, from whom you will not be in manifest danger of contracting some foppery, affectation, vanity, folly, or vice. Your only safe way of conversing with them is, by a firm resolution to proceed in your practice and behaviour directly contrary to whatever they shall say or do: and this I take to be a good general rule, with very few exceptions. For instance, in the doctrines they usually deliver to young married women for managing their husbands; their several accounts of their own conduct in that particular, to recommend it to your imitation; the reflections they make upon others of their sex for acting differently; their directions how to come off with victory upon any dispute or quarrel you may have with your husband; the arts by which you may discover and
prac-

practise upon his weak side ; when to work by flattery and insinuation, when to melt him with tears, and when to engage with a high hand : in these, and a thousand other cases, it will be prudent to retain as many of their lectures in your memory as you can, and then determine to act in full opposition to them all.

I hope your husband will interpose his authority to limit you in the trade of *visiting* : half a dozen fools are in all conscience as many as you should require ; and it will be sufficient for you to see them twice a year ; for I think the fashion does not exact, that visits should be paid to friends.

I advise, that your company at home should consist of men, rather than women. To say the truth, I never yet knew a tolerable woman to be fond of her own sex. I confess, when both are mixed and well chosen, and put their best qualities forward, there may be an intercourse of civility and good will ; which, with the addition of some degree of sense, can make conversation or any amusement agreeable. But a knot of ladies, got together by themselves, is a very school of impertinence and detraction, and it is well if those be the worst.

Let

Let your men acquaintance be of your husband's choice, and not recommended to you by any the companions; because they will certainly fix a coxcomb upon you, and it will cost you some time and pains, before you can arrive at the knowledge of distinguishing such a one from a man of sense.

Never take a *favourite waiting-maid* into your cabinet-council, to entertain you with histories of those ladies, whom she hath formerly served, of their diversions and their dresses; to insinuate how great a fortune you brought, and how little you are allowed to squander; to appeal to her from your husband, and to be determined by her judgement, because you are sure it will be always for you; to receive and discard servants by her approbation or dislike; to engage you, by her insinuations, in misunderstandings with your best friends; to represent all things in false colours, and to be the common emissary of scandal.

But the grand affair of your life will be to gain and preserve the friendship and esteem of your *husband*. You are married to a man of good education and learning, of an excellent understanding, and an exact taste. It is true, and it is happy for you that these qualities in him are adorned with great
modesty,

modesty, a most amiable sweetness of temper, and an unusual disposition to sobriety and virtue : but neither good nature nor virtue will suffer him to *esteem* you against his judgment; and, although he is not capable of using you ill, yet you will in time grow a thing indifferent and perhaps contemptible; unless you can supply the loss of youth and beauty with more durable qualities. You have but a very few-years to be young and handsome in the eyes of the world; and as few months to be so in the eyes of a husband, who is not a fool; but I hope you do not still dream of charms and raptures, which marriage ever did, and ever will, put a sudden end to. Besides, yours was a match of prudence and common good liking, without any mixture of that ridiculous passion, which hath no being but in play books and romances.

You must therefore use all endeavours to attain to some degree of those accomplishments, which your husband most values in other people, and for which he is most valued himself. You must improve your mind by closely pursuing such a method of study, as I shall direct or approve of. You must get a collection of histories and travels, which I will recommend to you, and spend some hours every day in reading them, and making extracts from them, if your memory be weak. You must invite
per-

persons of knowledge and understanding to an acquaintance with you, by whose conversation you may learn to correct your taste and judgment; and, when you can bring yourself to comprehend and relish the good sense of others, you will arrive in time to think rightly yourself, and to become a reasonable and agreeable companion. This must produce in your husband a true rational love and esteem for you, which old age will not diminish. He will have a regard for your judgment and opinion in matters of the greatest weight; you will be able to entertain each other without a third person to relieve you by finding discourse. The endowments of your mind will even make your person more agreeable to him; and, when you are alone, your time will not lie heavy upon your hands for want of some trifling amusement.

As little respect as I have for the generality of your sex, it hath sometimes moved me with pity to see the lady of the house forced to withdraw immediately after dinner, and this in families where there is not much drinking; as if it were an established maxim, that women are incapable of all conversation. In a room where both sexes meet, if the men are discoursing upon any general subject, the ladies never think it their business to partake in
what

what passeth, but in a separate club entertain each other with the price and choice of lace, and silk, and what dresses they liked or disapproved at the church or play-house. And when you are among yourselves, how naturally, after the first compliments, do you apply your hands to each others lappets, and ruffles, and mantuas; as if the whole business of your lives, and the public concern of the world, depended upon the cut or colour of your dresses. As divines say, that some people take more pains to be damned, than it will cost them to be saved; so your sex employs more thought, memory, and application to be fools, than would serve to make them wise and useful. When I reflect on this, I cannot conceive you to be human creatures, but a sort of species hardly a degree above a monkey; who hath more diverting tricks than any of you, is an animal less mischievous and expensive, might in time be a tolerable critic in velvets and brocade, and, for aught I know, would equally become them.

I would have you look upon finery as a necessary folly; which all great ladies did, whom I have ever known: I do not desire you to be out of the fashion, but to be the last and least in it. I expect, that your dress shall be one degree lower than your fortune can afford; and in your own heart

heart I would wish you to be an utter contemner of all distinctions, which a finer petticoat can give you ; because it will neither make you richer, handsomer, younger, better-natured, more virtuous or wise, than if it hung upon a peg.

If you are in company with men of learning, though they happen to discourse of arts and sciences out of your compass, yet you will gather more advantage by listening to them, than from all the nonsense and frippery of your own sex ; but, if they be men of breeding as well as learning, they will seldom engage in any conversation, where you ought not to be a hearer, and in time have your part. If they talk of the manners and customs of the several kingdoms of *Europe*, of travels into remoter nations, of the state of their own country, or of the great men and actions of *Greece* and *Rome* ; if they give their judgment upon *English* and *French* writers either in verse or prose, or of the nature and limits of virtue and vice ; it is a shame for an *English* lady not to relish such discourses, not to improve by them, and endeavour by reading and information to have her share in those entertainments, rather than turn aside, as it is the usual custom, and consult with the woman, who sits next her, about a new cargo of fans.

It

It is a little hard, that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand should be brought to read or understand her own natural tongue, or be a judge of the easiest books, that are written in it, as any one may find, who can have the patience to hear them, when they are disposed to mangle a play or a novel ; where the least word out of the common road is sure to disconcert them, and it is no wonder, when they are not so much as taught to spell in their childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives. I advise you therefore to read aloud, more or less, every day to your husband, if he will permit you, or to any other friend (but not a female one) who is able to set you right ; and as for spelling, you may compass it in time by making collections from the books you read.

I know very well, that those who are commonly called learned women, have lost all manner of credit by their impertinent talkativeness and conceit of themselves ; but there is an easy remedy for this, if you once consider, that, after all the pains you may be at, you never can arrive in point of learning to the perfection of a school boy. The reading I would advise you to, is only for the improvement of your own good sense, which will never fail of being mended by discretion. It is a wrong me-

C

thod

thod, and ill choice of books, that makes those learned ladies just so much the worse for what they have read : and therefore it shall be my care to direct you better, a task for which I take myself to be not ill qualified ; because I have spent more time, and have had more opportunities than many others to observe and discover, from what sources the various follies of women are derived,

Pray observe, how insignificant things are the common race of ladies, when they have passed their youth and beauty ; how contemptible they appear to the men, and yet more contemptible to the younger part of their own sex ; and have no relief, but in passing their afternoons in visits, where they are never acceptable ; and their evenings at cards among each other ; while the former part of the day is spent in spleen and envy, or in vain endeavours to repair by art and dress the ruins of time. Whereas I have known ladies at sixty, to whom all the polite part of the court and town paid their addresses without any farther view, than that of enjoying the pleasure of their conversation.

I am ignorant of any one quality, that is amiable in a man, which is not equally so in a woman : I do not except even modesty and gentleness of nature. Nor do I know one vice or folly, which
is

is not equally detestable in both. There is indeed one infirmity, which is generally allowed you, I mean that of *cowardice*; yet there should seem to be something very capricious, that, when women profess their admiration for a colonel or a captain on account of his valour, they should fancy it a very graceful becoming quality in themselves to be afraid of their own shadow; to scream in a barge, when the weather is calmest, or in a coach at the ring; to run from a cow at a hundred yards distance; to fall into fits at the sight of a spider, or earwig, or a frog. At least, if cowardice be a sign of cruelty, (as it is generally granted) I can hardly think it an accomplishment so desirable, as to be thought worth improving by affectation.

And as the same virtues equally become both sexes, so there is no quality, whereby women endeavour to distinguish themselves from men, for which they are not just so much the worse, except that only of reservedness; which however, as you generally manage it, is nothing else but affectation or hypocrisy. For, as you cannot too much discountenance those of our sex who presume to take unbecoming liberty before you; so you ought to be wholly unconstrained in the company of deserving men, when you have had sufficient experience of their discretion.

There is never wanting in this town a tribe of bold, swaggering, rattling ladies, whose talents pass among coxcombs for wit and humour ; their excellency lies in rude choquing expressions, and what they call *running a man down*. If a gentleman in their company happens to have any blemish in his birth or person, if any misfortune hath befallen his family or himself, for which he is ashamed, they will be sure to give him broad hints of it without any provocation. I would recommend you the acquaintance of a common prostitute, rather than to that of such termagants as these. I have often thought, that no man is obliged to suppose such creatures to be women, but to treat them like insolent rascals disguised in female habits, who ought to be stript, and kicked down stairs.

I will add one thing, although it is a little out of place, which is to desire, that you will learn to value and esteem your husband for those good qualities, which he really possesseth, and not to fancy others in him, which he certainly hath not. For, although this latter is generally understood to be a mark of love, yet it is indeed nothing but affectation or ill judgment. It is true, he wants so very few accomplishments, that you are in no
great

great danger of erring on this side ; but my caution is occasioned by a lady of your acquaintance, married to a very valuable person, whom she is so unfortunate as to be always commending for those perfections, to which he can least pretend.

I can give you no advice upon the article of *expence*; only I think, you ought to be well informed how much your husband's revenue amounts to, and be so good a computer, as to keep within it in that part of management, which falls to your share ; and not to put yourself in the number of those politic ladies, who think they gain a great point, when they have teased their husbands to buy them a new equipage, a laced head, or a fine petticoat, without once considering what long scores remain unpaid to the butcher.

I desire you will keep this letter in your cabinet, and often examine impartially your whole conduct by it : and so God bless you, and make you a fair example to your sex, and a perpetual comfort to your husband and your parents.

I am, with great truth and affection,

MADAM,

Your most faithful friend,

And humble servant.

Vol. 4, p. 54.

V E R S E S

O N T H E

DEATH OF DR. SWIFT,

Occasioned by reading the following Maxim in
ROCHEFOUCAULT.

(Written in November 1731.)

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque
choses, qui ne nous déplaisent pas.*

In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that
doth not displease us.

AS *Rochefoucault* his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true :
They argue no corrupted mind
In him ; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast :
“ In all distresses of our friends
“ We first consult our private ends ;
“ While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
“ Points out some circumstance to please us.”

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our size.
I love my friend as well as you :
But why should he obstruct my view ?
Then let me have the higher post :
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One, whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won ;
Rather than thus be overtopped,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt ?
Dear honest *Ned* is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without :
How patiently you hear him groan !
How glad, the case is not your own !

What poet would not grieve to see
His brothers write as well as he ?
But, rather than they should excell,
Would wish his rivals all in hell ?

Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses :

The

The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human-kind ! fantastic race !
Thy various follies who can trace ?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station ;
'Tis all on me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire ;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In *Pope* I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine :
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit
I cry, pox take him and his wit.
I grieve to be outdone by *Gay*
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.
*St. John**, as well as *Pulteney* †, knows
That I had some repute for prose ;

And,

* Lord Viscount *Bolingbroke*.

† *William Pulteney*, earl of *Bath*.

And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortify'd my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside ;
If with such talents heav'n hath blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em ?

To all my foes, dear fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend :
I tamely can endure the first ;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem ;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die ;
When, I foresee my special friends
Will try to find their private ends :
And, though 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak :
See, how the Dean begins to break !
Poor gentleman ! he droops apace !
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides his memory decays :
He recollects not what he says ;

He

He cannot call his friends to mind ;
Forgets the place where last he din'd :
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er ;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit ?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter :
In half the time he talks them round :
There must another set be found.

For poetry he's past his prime ;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme :
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen ; ———
But there's no talking to some men.

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years :
He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers *Charles* the second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach too begins to fail :
Last year we thought him strong and hale ;

But

But now he's quite another thing :
I wish he may hold out till spring.
They hug themselves, and reason thus ;
It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, " Worse and worse !")
Would please them better, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd ! the Dean is well.
Then he who prophesy'd the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest :
" You know I always fear'd the worst,
" And often told you so at first."
He'd rather chuse that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells, I shall recover ;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain :
How many a message would he send ?
What hearty prayers, that I should mend ?

In-

Inquire what regimen I kept ;
What gave me ease, and how I slept ?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear ;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verify'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive !
How is the Dean ? he's just alive.
Now the departing pray'r is read ;
He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead.

Before the passing bell begun,
The news through half the town has run.
Oh ! may we all for death prepare !
What has he left ? and who's his heir ?
I know no more than what the news is ;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
To public uses ! there's a whim !
What had the public done for him ?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride :
He gave it all, but first he dy'd.
And had the Dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation ?
So ready to do strangers good,
For getting his own flesh and blood ?

Now

Now *Grub-street* wits are all employ'd ;
 With elegies the town is cloy'd :
 Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
 To curse the *Dean* or bless the *Drapier*.
 The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame.
 We must confess his case was nice ;
 But he would never take advice.
 Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
 He might have liv'd these twenty years :
 For, when we open'd him, we found,
 That all his vital parts were sound.
 From *Dublin* soon to *London* spread,
 'Tis told at court the dean is dead.
 And lady *Suffolk* * in the spleen
 Runs laughing up to tell the queen :
 The queen, so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, " Is he gone ! 'tis time he should."

" * * * * *

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* Mrs. *Howard*, then countess of *Suffolk*, and of the bed chamber to queen Anne.

Now *Chartres* †, at *sir Robert's* ‡ lever,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy :
 Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,
 (Cries *Bob*) I'm sorry for the news :
 Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 And in his place my good friend § *Will* !
 Or had a mitre on his head,
 Provided *Bolingbroke* was dead !
 Now *Curl* || his shop from rubbish drains :
 Three genuine tomes of *Swift's* remains !
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by *Tibbalds*, *Moore*, and *Cibber*.
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,
 * Publish my will, my life, my letters;
 Revive the libels born to die ;
 Which *Pope* must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor *Pope* will grieve a month, and *Gay*
 A week, and *Arbuthnot* a day.

St.

† Colonel *Francis Chartres*, whose character may be seen in an epitaph written by Dr. *Arbuthnot*, p. 231.

‡ Sir *Robert Walpole*, then first minister of state, afterwards earl of *Orford*.

§ *William Pulteney*, esq; afterwards earl of *Bath*.

|| An infamous bookseller, who published things in the dean's name, which he never wrote.

* For some of these practices he was brought before the house of lords.

St. *John* himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
“ I’m sorry—but we all must die !”

Indifference clad in wisdom’s guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies :
For how can stony bowels melt
In those, who never pity felt ?
When we were lash’d, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

The fools my juniors by a year
Are tortur’d with suspense and fear ;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach’d, to stand between :
The screen remov’d, their hearts are trembling ;
They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn’d to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps :
“ The Dean is dead (pray, what is trumps ?)
“ Then, Lord have mercy on his soul !
“ (Ladies, I’ll venture for the vole.)
“ Six deans, they say, must bear the pall.
“ (I wish I knew what king to call.)
“ Madam, your husband will attend
“ The fun’ral of so good a friend :
“ No, madam, ’tis a shocking sight ;
“ And he’s engag’d to-morrow night :

" My lady *Club* will take it ill,
 " If he should fail her at quadrille.
 " He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)
 " But dearest friends, they say, must part.
 " His time was come ; he ran his race ;
 " We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die ?
 No loss more easy to supply.
 One year is past ; a diff'rent scene !
 No farther mention of the Dean,
 Who now, alas ! is no more mist,
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where's now the fav'rite of *Apollo* ?
 Departed ;—and his works must follow,
 Must undergo the common fate ;
 His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country 'squire to *Lintot* * goes,
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
 Says *Lintot*, " I have heard the name ;
 " He dy'd a year ago." The same.
 He searches all the shop in vain.
 " Sir, you may find them in *Duck lane* † :
 " I sent them with a load of books
 " Last *Monday* to the pastry-cook's.
 " To fancy they could live a year !
 " I find you're but a stranger here.

The

* *Bernard Lintot*, a bookseller. See *Pope's Dunciad* and letters.

† A place where old books are sold.

" The Dean was famous in his time,
 " And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
 " His way of writing now is past :
 " The town has got a better taste.
 " I keep no antiquated stuff ;
 " But spick and span I have enough.
 " Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em :
 " Here's *Colley Cibber's* birth-day poem.
 " This ode you never yet have seen
 " By *Stephen Duck* upon the queen.
 " Then here's a letter finely penn'd
 " Against the *Craftsman* and his friend :
 " It clearly shews, that all reflection
 " On ministers is disaffection.
 " Next, here's fir *Robert's* vindication,
 " And Mr. *Henley's* * last oration.
 " The hawkers have not got them yet :
 " Your honour please to have a set ?"

Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the *Rose* ;
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.

The Dean, if we believe report,
 Was never ill-receiv'd at court.
 Although ironically grave,
 He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave.

D 3

" Sir,

* Commonly called orator *Henley*, whose rhapsodies burlesque religion, and disgrace his country.

“ Sir, I have heard another story ;
 “ He was a most *confounded* Tory,
 “ And grew, or he is much bely’d,
 “ Extremely *dull* before he dy’d.

Can we the *Drapier* then forget ?
 Is not our nation in his debt ?
 ’Twas he that writ the *Drapiers* letters !
 “ He should have left them for his *bettors* ;
 “ We had a hundred *abler men*,
 “ Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*——
 “ Say what you will about his *reading*,
 “ You never can *defend* his *breeding* ;
 “ Who, in his *satires* running riot,
 “ Could never leave the *world* in *quiet* ;
 “ Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
 “ *Court, city, camp*,—all one to him.——

“ But why would he, except he *slobber’d*,
 “ Offend our *patriot*, great sir *Robert*,
 “ Whose *counsels* aid the sov’reign pow’r
 “ To *save* the *nation* ev’ry hour ?
 “ What *scenes* of evil he unravels
 “ In *satires, libels, lying travels* !
 “ Not sparing his own *clergy-cloth*,
 “ But *eats* into it like a *moth* !”

Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
 Had too much satire in his vein,
 And seem’d determin’d not to starve it,
 Because no age could more deserve it,

Vice,

Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 Must be or *ridicul'd* or *lash'd*.
 If you *resent* it, who's to blame?
 He neither knew you, nor your *name* :
 Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
 Because its *owner* is a *duke* ?
 His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 Were always of the middling kind ;
 No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
 Where titles give no right or power,
 And peerage is a wither'd flower.
 He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 If such a wretch had known his face.
 He never thought an honour done him
 Because a peer was proud to own him ;
 Would rather slip aside, and chuse
 'To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
 And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 So often seen caressing *Chartres*.

He kept with princes due decorum ;
 Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
 He follow'd *David's* lesson just ;
 In princes never put his trust :
 And, would you make him truly sour,
 Provoke him with a slave in power.

" Alas, poor *Dean* ! his only scope
 " Was to be held a *misanthrope*.
 " This into gen'ral *odium* drew him,
 " Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him*.

" His

- " His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,
 " But *discontent* against the times :
 " For, had we made him *timely* offers
 " To raise his *post*, or fill his *coffers*,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other *brethren* of his *gown*.
 " For *party* he would scarce have bled :
 " I say no more,—because he's *dead*.——
 " What *writings* has he left behind ?—
 I hear they're of a diff'rent kind :
 A few in *verse* ; but most in *prose*——
 " Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose :——
 " All scribbled in the *worst* of *times*,
 " To *palliate* his friend *Oxford's* crimes,
 " To praise queen *Anne*, nay more, defend her,
 " As never fav'ring the *pretender* :——
 " Or *libels* yet conceal'd from sight,
 " Against the *court* to shew his *spite* :
 " Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third* ;
 " A lye at every *second* word—
 " Offensive to a *loyal* ear :——
 " But—not one *sermon*, you may *swear*."——

As for his works in verse or prose,
 I own myself no judge of those.
 Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em ;
 But this I know, all people bought 'em,
 As with a moral view design'd,
 To *please*, and to *reform* mankind :
 And, if he often miss'd his aim,
 The *world* must own it to their *shame*
 The *praise* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*.

He

He gave the little wealth he had
 To build a house for fools and mad ;
 To shew, by one satiric touch,
 No nation wanted it so much.
 And, since you *dread* no farther *lashes*,
 Methinks you may *forgive his ashes*.

V. 6, p. 248.

O L D M E N.

Dignity, high station, or great riches, are in some sort necessary to old men, in order to keep the younger at a distance, who are otherwise too apt to insult them upon the score of their age.

Vol. 3, p. 314.

L O V E O F F L A T T E R Y.

Love of flattery in most men proceeds from the mean opinion they have of themselves ; in women from the contrary.

Ibid.

P R I N C E S.

Princes in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish : strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings ! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue : if they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another sort.

Ibid.

L I E S.

L I E S.

Few lies carry the inventor's mark, and the most prostitute enemy to truth, may spread a thousand without being known for the author: besides, as the vilest writer hath his readers, so the greatest liar hath his believers: and it often happens, that if a lie be believed only for an hour, it hath done its work, and there is no farther occasion for it. Falsehood flies, and truth comes limping after it; so that when men come to be undeceived, it is too late; the jest is over, and the tale has had its effect: like a man, who has thought of a good repartee, when the discourse is changed, or the company parted; or like a physician, who has found out an infallible medicine, after the patient is dead.

Examiner, No. xiv, v. S.

T Y R A N N Y.

In all free states the evil to be avoided is tyranny, that is to say, the *summa imperii*, or unlimited power solely in the hands of the one, the few, or the many. Although most revolutions of government in Greece or Rome began with the tyranny of the people, yet they generally concluded in that of a single person; so that an usurping populace is its own dupe; a mere underworker, and a purchaser in trust for some single tyrant, whose state and power they advance to their own ruin, with

as

as blind an instinct as those worms that die with weaving habits for beings of a superior nature to their own.

Contests and Dissentions in Athens and Rome, v. 3, p. 58.

Contests and Dissentions
RELIGION.

If religion were once understood to be the necessary step to favour and preferment, can it be imagined that any man would openly offend against it, who had the least regard for his reputation or his fortune? There is no quality so contrary to any nature, which men cannot affect, and put on upon occasion, in order to serve an interest, or gratify a prevailing passion. The proudest man will personate humility, the morosest learn to flatter, the laziest will be studious and active, where he is in pursuit of what he hath much at heart: how ready therefore would most men be to step into the paths of virtue and piety, if they infallibly led to favour and fortune!

A Project for the Advancement of Religion, v. 3, p. 14.

HYPOCRISY.

Hypocrisy is much more eligible than open infidelity and vice; it wears the livery of religion; it acknowledges her authority, and is cautious of giving scandal.

Ibid, p. 153.

LAWS.

L A W S.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.

A Trritical Essay upon the Faculties of the Mind, v. 3, p. 196.

I N C O N S T A N C Y.

All rivers go to the sea, but none return from it. Xerxes wept when he beheld his army, to consider that in less than an hundred years they would be all dead. Anacreon was choaked with a grape-stone; and violent joy kills as well as violent grief. There is nothing in this world constant, but inconstancy: yet Plato thought, that, if virtue would appear to the world in her own native dress, all men would be enamoured with her. But now, since interest governs the world, and men neglect the golden mean, Jupiter himself, if he came on earth, would be despised, unless it were, as he did to Danae, in a golden shower: for men now-a-days worship the rising sun, and not the setting.

Ibid, p. 197.

L E A R N I N G.

Learning, like all true merit, is easily satisfied; whilst the false and counterfeit is perpetually craving, and never thinks it hath enough. The smallest favour given by a great prince, as a mark of esteem, to reward the endowments of the mind,
never

never fails to be returned with praise and gratitude, and loudly celebrated to the world. I have known some years ago several pensions given to particular persons, (how deservedly I shall not inquire) any one of which, if divided into smaller parcels, and distributed by the crown to those who might upon occasion distinguish themselves by some extraordinary production of wit or learning, would be amply sufficient to answer the end.

Letter to the Lord High Treasurer, v. 3, p. 268.

SERVICES TO PRINCES.

Of little weight are the greatest services to princes, when put into the balance with a refusal to gratify their passions.

Voyage to Lilliput, v. 2, p. 56.

INGRATITUDE.

Whoever makes ill returns to his benefactor, must needs be a common enemy to the rest of mankind, from whom he hath received no obligation, and therefore such a man is not fit to live.

Ibid, p. 66.

T I M E.

No preacher is listened to but Time, which gives us the same train and turn of thought that elder people have tried in vain to put into our heads before.

Vol. 3, p. 304.

E

RELIGION.

RELIGION.

Religion seems to have grown an infant with age, and requires miracles to nurse it, as it had in its infancy.

Ibid.

H O R A C E,

EPISTLE VII. BOOK I.

Imitated and addressed to the Earl of OXFORD,
in the Year 1713.

HARLEY, the nation's great support, 1
Returning home one day from court,
(His mind with public cares possess'd,
All *Europe's* business in his breast)
Observ'd a *Pass* near *Whitehall*, 5
Cheap'ning old authors on a stall.
The priest was pretty well in case,
And shew'd some humour in his face;
Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
A perfect stranger to the spleen; 10
Of

1. Strenuus & fortis, caussisque Philippus agendis
Clarus ab officiis octavam circiter horam
Dum redit.—

5. ———Contpexit, ut aiant,
Adversum quandam vacuâ tonsoris in umbrâ
Cuspidibus proprios purgantem leniter unguis.

Of size that might a pulpit fill,
 But more inclining to sit still.
 My lord, who (if a man may say't)
 Loves mischief better than his meat,
 Was now dispos'd to crack a jest, 15
 And bid friend *Lewis* go in quest,
 (This *Lewis* is a cunning shaver,
 And very much in Harley's favour ;)
 In quest, who might this *parson* be,
 What was his name, of what degree, 20
 If possible to learn this story,
 And whether he were *whig* or *tory* ?

Lewis his patron's humour knows,
 Away upon his errand goes,
 And quickly did the matter sift, 25
 Found out that it was *Dr. Swift* ;
 A clergyman of special note,
 For shunning those of his own coat ;
 Which made his brethren of the gown
 Take care betimes to run him down. 30
 No libertine, nor over-nice,
 Addicted to no sort of vice.

15. (Demetri puer hic non lævè jussu Philippi
 Accipiebat) abi, quære, & refer : Unde domo, quis,
 Cujus fortunæ, quo sit Pater, quòve Patrono ?

23, 25. It, redit, & narrat, Volteium nomine Mænam.

31 ——— Tenui censu, sine crimine notum,
 Et properare loco, & cessare, & quærere, & uti,
 Gaudentem.

40 THE BEAUTIES OF SWIFT.

Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
 Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat :
 In state opinions *a la mode*, 35
 He hated *Wharton* like a toad,
 Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
 And libell'd all the *junto* round ;
 Kept company with men of wit,
 Who often father'd what he writ ; 40
 His works were hawk'd in ev'ry street :
 But seldom rose above a sheet ;
 Of late indeed the paper *stamp*
 Did very much his genius cramp ;
 And since he could not spend his fire, 45
 He now intended to retire.

Said Harley, I desire to know
 From his own mouth, if this be so ?
 Step to the doctor straight and say,
 I'd have him dine with me to-day. 50
Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor would believe my lord had sent ;
 So never offer'd once to stir ;
 But coldly said, *your servant, sir*.
 Does he refuse me ? Harley cry'd : 55
 He does, with insolence and pride.

Some

47. Scitari libet ex ipso quodcunque refers. Die
 Ad cœnam veniat. Nam sanè credere Mœna ;
 Mirari secum tacitus.
 54. Benigne, Responder.
 55. Negat ille mihi ?

Some few days after Harley spies
 The doctor fasten'd by the eyes
 At *Charing Cross*, among the rout,
 Where painted monsters are hung out. 60
 He pull'd the string, and stop't his coach,
 Beck'ning the doctor to approach.

Swift, who cou'd neither fly nor hide,
 Came sneaking to the chariot side,
 And offer'd many a lame excuse ; 65
 He never meant the least abuse——
My lord——the honour you design'd——
Extremely proud——but I had din'd——
I'm sure I never shou'd neglect——
No man alive has more respect—— 70
 “ Well, I shall think of that no more,
 “ If you'll be sure to come at *four*.
 The doctor now obeys the summons,
 Likes both his company and commons ;

56. ———Negat improbus, & te
 Negligit, aut horret.

57. ———Volteium mane Philippus,
 Villia vendentem tunicato scruta popello,
 Occupat, & salvere jubet prior.

65. ———Ille Philippo
 Excusare laborem.———

71. ———Sic ignovisse putato
 ——Me tibi, si cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo.
 Post nonam venies :

74. Ut ventum ad cœnam est, dicenda, tacenda locutus
 Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Hic ubi sæpe
 Occultum visus decurrere piscis ad hamum,
 Mane cliens, & jam certus conviva ;———

Displays his talent, sits till ten ; 75
 Next day invited comes again ;
 Soon grows domestic, seldom fails
 Either at morning, or at meals ;
 Came early, and departed late :
 In short, the gudgeon took the bait. 80
 My lord would carry on the jest,
 And down to *Windsor* takes his guest.
Swift much admires the place and air,
 And longs to be a *Canon* there ;
 In summer, round the Park to ride ; 85
 In winter, never to reside.
 A *Canon* ! that's a place too mean :
 No, doctor, you shall be a *Dean* ;
 Two dozen *Canons* round your stall,
 And you the tyrant o'er them all : 90
 You need but cross the *Irish seas*,
 To live in plenty, power, and ease.
 Poor *Swift* departs ; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd money in his purse ;
 Travels at least a hundred leagues, 95
 And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him, now, a *dean* compleat,
 Devoutly lolling in his seat ;
 The silver virge, with decent pride,
 Stuck underneath his cushion side ; 100
 Suppose

81. ————Jubetur

Rura suburbana indicis comes ire Latinis.

Impositus mannis arvom celumque Sabinum

Non cessat laudare.

87. Videt, ridetque Philippus :

Suppose him gone thro' all vexations,
 Patents, instalments, abjurations,
 First fruits and tenths, and chapter treats,
 Dues, payments, fees, demands, and—cheats.
 (The wicked laity's contriving,
 To hinder clergymen from thriving) 105
 Now all the doctor's money's spent,
 His tenants wrong him in his rent ;
 The farmers, spitefully combin'd,
 Force him to take his tythes in kind ; 110
 And * *Parvisol* discounts arrears,
 By bills, for taxes and repairs.

Poor *Swift*, with all his losses vext,
 Not knowing where to turn him next,
 Above a thousand pounds in debt, 115
 Takes horse, and in a mighty fret,
 Rides day and night at such a rate,
 He soon arrives at *Harley's* gate ;
 But was so dirty, pale and thin,
 Old *Read* † would hardly let him in. 120

Said *Harley*, welcome rev'rend dean ;
 What makes your worship look so lean ?

Why

107. ——— Oves furto, morbo periere capellæ ;
 Spem mentita seges, bos est enectus arando ;

115. Offensus, Damnis, mediâ de nocte caballum
 Arripit iratusque Philippi tendit ad ædes.

121. Quem simul asperit scabrum intonsûmque Philippus 1.
 Durus, ait, Voltei, nimis attentusque videris.
 Esse mihi.

* *The dean's agent, a Frenchman.*

† *The lord treasurer's porter.*

Why sure you won't appear in town,
 In that old wig, and rusty gown?
 I doubt your heart is set on pelf 125
 So much, that you neglect yourself.
 What ! I suppose the flocks are high,
 You've some good purchase in your eye ;
 Or is your money out at use ?——
 Truce, good my lord, I beg a truce. 130
 (The doctor in a passion cry'd)
 Your raillery is misapply'd ;
 I have experience dearly bought,
 You know I am not worth a groat ;
 But you resolv'd to have your jest, 135
 And 'twas a folly to contest ;
 Then since you have now done your worst,
 Pray leave me where you found me first.

V. 6, p. 41.

136. Quòd te per Gen'um dextramque deosque penates
 Obsecro, & obtestor ; vitæ me redde priori

HORACE, LIB. II. SAT. VI.

Part of it imitated.

I Often wish'd, that I had clear 1
 For life, six hundred pounds a year,
 A hand-

2. Hoc erat in votis : modus agri non ita magnus,
 Hortus ubi, & tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
 Et paulum silvæ super his foret.

THE BEAUTIES OF SWIFT.

45

A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,
 A terras walk, and half a rood 5
 Of land set out to plant a wood.
Of Land set
 Well, now I have all this and more,
 I ask not to increase my store,
 But shou'd be perfectly content,
 Cou'd I but live on this side *Trent* ; 10
 Nor cross the *Channel* twice a year,
 To spend six months with *statesmen* here.
 I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown.
 " *Lewis* ; the *dean* will be of use, 15
 " Send for him up, take no excuse."
 The toil, the danger of the seas ;
 Great ministers ne'er think of these ;
 Or let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found ; 20
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.
 " Good Mr. *Dean* go change your gown,
 " Let my lord know you're come to town."
 I hurry me in haste away, 25
 Not thinking it is levee-day ;
 And find his honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round,

Che-

7. ——— Auctius atque

Di melius fecere. ———

17. Sive aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
 Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.

46 THE BEAUTIES OF SWIFT.

Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green ;
 How should I thrust myself between ? 30
 Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
 And smiling, whispers to the next,
 " I thought the *Dean* had been too proud
 " To juggle here among a croud."
 Another in a surly fit, 35
 Tells me I have more zeal than wit,
 " So eager to express your love,
 " You ne'er consider whom you shove,
 " But rudely press before a duke :"
 I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke, 40
 And take it kindly meant to show
 What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw,
 When twenty fools I never saw
 Come with petitions fairly penn'd, 45
 Desiring I would stand their friend.

This, humbly offers me his case——
 That, begs my int'rest for a place——
 A hundred other men's affairs
 Like bees are humming in my ears. 50
 " To morrow my appeal comes on,
 " Without your help the cause is gone——

The

35. Quid vis insane, & quas res agis ? improbus usurget,
 Iratis precibus, tu pulses omne quod obstat,
 Ad Mæcenatem memori si mente recurras.
 Hoc juvat, & melli est, non mentiar.——
44. ——Aliena negotia centum,
 Per caput, & circa saliant latus.

THE BEAUTIES OF SWIFT.

47

The Duke expects my lord and you,
About some great affair, at two——

“ Put my lord *Bolingbroke* in mind, 55

“ To get my warrant quickly sign’d :

“ Consider ’tis my first request.”——

Be satisfy’d, I’ll do my best :——

Then presently he falls to teize,

“ You may for certain, if you please ; 60

“ I doubt not, if his lordship knew——

“ And, Mr. *Dean*, one word from you”——

’Tis (let me see) three years and more,

(*October* next it will be four)

Since Harley bid me first attend, 65

And chose me for an humble friend ;

Wou’d take me in his coach to chat,

And question me of this and that ;

As, “ what’s a-clock ?” and, “ how’s the wind ?

“ Whose chariot’s that we left behind ? 70

Or gravely try to read the lines

Wait underneath the country *signs* ;

Or, “ have you nothing new to-day

“ From *Pope*, from *Parnel*, or from *Gay* ?

Such tattle often entertains 75

My lord and me as far as *Stains*,

As

60. ——— Si vis ; potes, addit & instat.

63. Septimus octavo proprior jam fugerit annus,
Ex quo *Mecenas* me cœlit habere suorum
In numero ; cum staxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet iter faciens, & cui concedere nugas.

48 THE BEAUTIES OF SWIFT.

As once a week we travel down
To *Windsor*, and again to town,
Where all that passes, *inter nos*,
Might be proclaim'd at *Charing-cross*. 80

Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well :
" How think you of our friend the *Dean* ?
" I wonder what some people mean ;
" My lord and he are grown so great, 85
" Always together, *tête à tête*.

" What, they admire him for his jokes——
" See but the fortune of some folks !"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court, 90
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

" You, Mr. *Dean*, frequent the great ;
" Inform us, will the *Emp'ror* treat ?
" Or do the prints and papers lye ? 95
Faith, sir, you know as much as I.
" Ah doctor, how you love to jest ?
" 'Tis now no secret——I protest
" 'Tis one to me.——" Then tell us, pray,
" When are the troops to have their pay ? 100

They

81. ——Subjeſtor in diem & horam,
Invidiæ.

89. Frigidus à roſtris manat per compita rumor ;
Quicunque obviuſ eſt, me conſulit.

THE BEAUTIES OF SWIFT.

49

And, tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my *Lord Mayor*,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.

Thus in a sea of folly toss'd,
My choicest hours of life are lost ;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country seat !
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book ;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.

105

110

V. 6, p. 48.

101. Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum
Scilicet egregii mortalem, atque silenti.
108. Orus, quando ego te aspiciam, quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, & inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivis vitæ ?

WEAKNESS IN MEN

Although men are accused of not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

F

SATIRE.

S A T I R E.

Satire is reckoned the easiest of all wit ; but I take it to be otherwise in very bad times : for it is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices, as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues. It is easy enough to do either to people of moderate characters.

Ibid.

INVENTION AND JUDGMENT.

Invention is the talent of youth, and judgment of age ; so that our judgment grows harder to please, when we have fewer things to offer it : this goes through the whole commerce of life. When we are old, our friends find it difficult to please us, and are less concerned whether we be pleased or no.

Ibid.

POETS AND HISTORIANS.

Whatever the poets pretend, it is plain they give immortality to none but themselves : it is Homer and Virgil we reverence and admire, not Achilles or Æneas. With historians it is quite the contrary ; our thoughts are taken up with the actions, persons, and events we read, and we little regard the authors.

V. 3, p. 304.

ADVAN-

ADVANTAGES OF LIFE.

Men who possess all the advantages of life, are in a state where there are many accidents to disorder and discompose, but few to please them.

Ibid, p. 305.

CENSURE OF THE WORLD.

There are but three ways for a man to revenge himself of the censure of the world ; to despise it, to return the like, or to endeavour to live so as to avoid it : the first of these is usually pretended ; the last is almost impossible ; the universal practice is for the second.

Ibid.

FLUENCY OF SPEECH.

The common fluency of speech in many men, and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words ; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both ; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to cloath them in ; and these are always ready at the mouth : so people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

V. 3, p. 311.

V A N I T Y.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like, by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told; whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Ibid.

P R O V I D E N C E.

One argument, used to the disadvantage of providence, I take to be a very strong one in its defence. It is objected, that storms and tempests, unfruitful seasons, serpents, spiders, flies, and other noxious or troublesome animals, with many more instances of the like kind, discover an imperfection in nature, because human life would be much easier without them: but the design of providence may clearly be perceived in this proceeding. The motion of the sun and moon; in short, the whole system of the universe, as far as philosophers have been able to discover and observe, are in the utmost degree of regularity and perfection; but, wherever God hath left to man the
power

power of interposing a remedy by thought or labour, there he hath placed things in a state of imperfection on purpose to stir up human industry, without which life would stagnate, or indeed rather could not subsist at all.

Ibid.

THE GRAND QUESTION DEBATED.

Whether HAMILTON'S * *Bawn* should be turned into a *Barrack* or a *Malt house*.

(Written in the Year 1729)

THUS spoke to my lady the knight full of care,
 Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
 This † Hamilton's *Bawn*, while it sticks on my hand,
 I lose by the house what I get by the land;
 But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
 For a ‡ *barrack* or *malt-house*, we now must consider.

First, let me suppose I make it a *malt-house*,
 Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us;

F 3

There's

* A *Bawn* was a place near the house, inclosed with mud or stone walls, to keep the cattle from being stolen in the night. They are now little used.

† A large old house, two miles from Sir Archibald Acheson's seat.

‡ The army in *Ireland*, is lodged in strong buildings over the whole kingdom, called *Barracks*.

There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
 I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain ;
 A handsome addition for wine and good chear,
 Three dishes a day, and three hogheads a year :
 With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd :
 No little scrub joint shall come on my board :
 And you and the *Dean* no more shall combine
 To stint me at night to one bottle of wine ;
 Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
 A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
 If I make it a *Barrack*, the crown is my tenant ;
 My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't :
 In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
 Whatever they give me I must be content,
 Or join with the court in ev'ry debate ;
 And rather than that I would lose my estate.

Thus ended the knight : thus began his *meek* wife ;
 It *must*, and it *shall* be a *Barrack*, my life.

I'm grown a meer mopus ; no company comes,
 But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull * *rums* ;
 With *parsons* what lady can keep herself clean ?
 I'm all over dawb'd when I sit by the *Dean*.
 But if you will give us a *Barrack*, my dear,
 The *Captain*, I'm sure, will always come here ;
 I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
 For the *captain* I warrant, will keep him in awe ?
 Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
 Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert ;
 That

* A cant word in *Ireland* for a poor country clergyman.

That men of his coat shou'd be minding their
pray'rs,

And not among ladies to give themselves airs.

Thus argued my lady, but argu'd in vain;
The knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.

But * *Hannah*, who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cry'd, madam, why surely my master's posselt;
Sir *Arthur* the the maltster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the *Bawn* were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guess'd there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with † *Darby* and *Wood*.
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat; Oh dear, how I scream'd!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And *Molly*, she said, I should hear some ill news.

Dear madam, had you but the spirit to teaze,
You might have a *Barrack* whenever you please:
And, madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
'Till he gave me my will, I wou'd give him no rest;
And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets:
But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, 'till he gives his consent.

* My Lady's waiting woman.

† Two of Sir Arthur's Managers.

Dear madam, whene'er of a *Barrack* I think,
 An I were to be hang'd I can't sleep a wink :
 For if a new crochet comes into my brain,
 I can't get it out, tho' I'd never so fain.
 I fancy already a *Barrack* contriv'd
 At Hamilton's *Bawn*, and the troop is arriv'd ;
 Of this, to be sure fir *Arthur* has warning,
 And waits on the *Captain* betimes in the morning.

Now, see, when they meet, how their honours
 behave ;

Noble *Captain*, your servant-Sir *Arthur*, your slave.
 You honour me much—the honour is mine,—
 'Twas a sad rainy night—but the morning is fine.
 Pray how does my lady ?—My wife's at your service.——

I think I have seen her picture by *Jervis*.—
 Good-morrow, good *Captain*, I'll wait on you
 down,——

You shan't stir a foot—you'll think me a clown—
 For all the world, *Captain*, not half an inch farther——

You must be obey'd—your servant, fir *Arthur* ;
 My humble respects to my lady unknown.—
 I hope you will use my house as your own.

“ Go, bring me my smock, and leave off your
 pate,

“ Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate.
 Pray, madam, be quiet : what was it I said ?——
 You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
 Next

Next day, to be sure, the *Captain* will come,
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum :
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state :
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate ;
Dub, dub, a-dub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara tantara, while all the boys hollow.
See, now comes the *captain* all dawb'd with gold lace:
O law ! the sweet gentleman ! look in his face ;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand ;
And his horse, the dear *croter*, it prances and rears,
With ribbons in knots, at its tail and its ears :
At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court ; when the captain cries,
STAND.

Your *Ladyship* lifts up the fash to be seen,
(For sure, I had *dizen'd* you out like a *queen* ;)
The *Captain*, to shew he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver.
(His beaver is cock'd ; pray, madam, mark that,
For, a *Captain* of horse never takes off his hat ;
Because he has never a hand that is ille ;
For, the right holds the sword, and the left holds
the bridle,)

Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair ;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt !
Then he low'rs down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your *Ladyship* smiles, and thus you begin ;
Pray, *Captain*, be pleas'd t' alight and walk in :

The

58 THE BEAUTIES OF SWIFT.

The *Captain* salutes you with congee profound ;
And your *Ladyship* curtsies half way to the ground.

Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us,
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us ;
And, *Captain*, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to day :
You're heartily welcome : but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year ;
If I had expected so worthy a guest :——
Lord ! madam ! your ladyship sure is in jest ;
You banter me, madam, the kingdom must grant——
You officers, *Captain*, are so complaisant.

“ Hift, huffy, I think I hear somebody coming—
No, madam, tis only Sir *Arthur* a humming.

To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story)
The *Captain* at dinner appears in his glory ;
The *Dean* and the * *Doctor* have humbled their
pride,

For the *Captain's* entreated to sit by your side :
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him
first ;

The *Parsons* for envy, are ready to burst :
The servants amaz'd are scarce ever able
To keep of their eyes, as they wait at the table ;
And *Molly* and I have thrust in our nose,
To peep at the *Captain*, in all his fine clothes :
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran ;
“ And

* *Doctor Jenny*, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

- “ And, madam, says he, if such dinners you give,
 “ You’ll never want *Parsons* as long as you live ;
 “ I ne’er knew a *Parson* without a good nose,
 “ Bnt the Devil’s as welcome wherever he goes :
 “ G—d—me, they bid us reform and repent,
 “ But, z—s, by their looks they never keep Lent :
 “ Mister *Curate*, for all your grave looks I’m afraid
 “ You cast a sheep’s eye on her ladyship’s maid ;
 “ I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand,
 “ In mending your cassock, and smoothing your
 band :
 “ (For the *Dean* was so shabby and look’d like a
 ninny,
 “ That the *Captain* suppos’d he was curate to *Jenny*)
 “ Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
 “ A hundred to one, but it covers a clown ;
 “ Observe how a *Parson* comes into a room,
 “ G—d—me, he hobbles as bad as my groom ;
 “ A *scholar*d, when just from his college broke
 loose,
 “ Can hardly tell how to cry *Bo* to a goose ;
 “ Your * *Novels* and *Bluturks*, and *Omurs* and stuff,
 “ By G— they don’t signify this pinch of snuff.
 “ To give a young gentleman right education,
 “ The Army’s the only good school in the nation ;
 “ My school-master call’d me a dunce and a fool,
 “ But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school ;
 “ I never

* *Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers.*

"I never could take to my book for the blood o'me,
 "And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o'me.
 "He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
 "But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my
 life :

"So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
 "The first man I robb'd was a *Parson*, by G—.
 "Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing
 to say,

"But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.
 Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
 And, madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split.
 So then you look'd scornful and swift at the Dean,
 As who shou'd say, *Now, am I * skinny and lean?*
 But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
 And the *Doctor* was plaguily down in the hips.

Thus merciless *Hannah* ran on in her talk,
 Till she heard the *Dean* call, *Will your ladyship walk?*
 Her ladyship answers, *I'm just coming down;*
 Then turning to *Hannah*, and forcing a frown,
 Altho' it was plain in her heart she was glad,
 Cry'd, huffy, why sure the *wench* is gone mad:
 How cou'd these *chimera's* get into your brains?—
 Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
 But the *Dean*, if this secret should come to his ears,
 Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
 For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye.
 Give me but a *Barrack*, a fig for the *Clergy*.

V. 7, p. 114.

* Nick-names for my lady.

A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
F A T E S O F C L E R G Y M E N ;

With the Stories of CORUSODES and EUGENIO.

THERE is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of people, and is in common speech called discretion, a species of lower prudence, by the assistance of which, people of the meanest intellectuals, without any other qualification, pass through the world in great tranquillity, and with universal good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence. Courts are seldom unprovided of persons under this character, on whom if they happen to be of great quality, most employments, even the greatest naturally fall, when competitors will not agree; and in such promotions, nobody rejoices or grieves. The truth of this I could prove by several instances, within my own memory (for I say nothing of the present times)

And indeed, as regularity and forms are of great use in carrying on the business of the world, so it is very convenient, that persons endued with this kind

G

of

of discretion, should have that share which is proper to their talents in the conduct of affairs, but by no means to meddle in matters which require genius, learning, strong comprehension, quickness of conception, magnanimity, generosity, sagacity, or any other superior gift of human minds. Because this sort of discretion, is usually attended with a strong desire of money, and few scruples about the way of obtaining it, with servile flattery and submission, with a want of all public spirit or principle, with a perpetual wrong judgment, when the owners come into power and high place, how to dispose of favour and preferment; having no measure for merit and virtue in others, but those very steps by which themselves ascended; nor the least intention of doing good or hurt to the public, farther than either one or t'other is likely to be subservient to their own security or interest. Thus being void of all friendship and enmity, they never complain nor find fault with the times, and indeed never have reason to do so.

Men of eminent parts and abilities, as well as virtues, do sometimes rise in the courts, sometimes in the law, and sometimes even in the church. Such were the lord Bacon, the earl of Strafford, archbishop Laud in the reign of King Charles I. and others in our own times, whom I shall not name; but these and many more, under different princes, and in different kingdoms, were disgraced
or

or banished, or suffered death, merely in envy to their virtues and superior genius, which emboldened them in great exigencies and distresses of state (wanting a reasonable infusion of the aldermanly discretion) to attempt the service of their prince and country out of the common forms.

This evil fortune, which generally attends extraordinary men in the management of great affairs, hath been imputed to divers causes, that need not be here set down, when so obvious an one occurs ; if what a certain writer observes, be true, that when a great genius appears in the world, the dunces are all in confederacy against him. And thus, although he employs his talents wholly in his closet, without interfering with any man's ambition or avarice, what must he expect when he ventures out to seek for preferment in a court, but universal opposition when he is mounting the ladder, and every hand ready to turn him off, when he is at the top ? And in this point fortune generally acts directly contrary to nature ; for in nature we find, that bodies full of life and spirit mount easily, and are hard to fall, whereas heavy bodies are hard to rise, and come down with greater velocity, in proportion to their weight ; but we find fortune every day acting just the reverse of this.

This talent of discretion, as I have described it in its several adjuncts and circumstances, is no where so serviceable as to the clergy,

to whose preferment nothing is so fatal as the character of wit, politeness in reading, or manners, or that kind of behaviour which we contract by having too much conversed with persons of high stations and eminency; these qualifications being reckoned by the vulgar of all ranks, to be marks of levity, which is the last crime the world will pardon in a clergyman: to this I may add a free manner of speaking in mixt company, and too frequent an appearance in places of much resort, which are equally noxious to spiritual promotions.

I have known indeed a few exceptions to some parts of these regulations. I have seen some of the dullest men alive aiming at wit, and others with as little pretensions affecting politeness in manners and discourse; but never being able to persuade the world of their guilt, they grew into considerable stations, upon the firm assurance which all people had of their discretion, because they were a size too low to deceive the world to their own disadvantage. But this I confess is a trial too dangerous often to engage in.

There is a known story of a clergyman, who was recommended for a preferment by some great men at court, to an Archbishop. His Grace said, he had heard that the clergyman used to play at whist and swobbers; that as to playing now and then a sober game at whist for pastime, it might be pardoned, but he could not digest those wicked swobbers, and it was with

with some pains that my lord S.——rs could undeceive him. I ask, by what talents we may suppose that great prelate ascended so high, or what sort of qualifications he would expect in those whom he took into his patronage, or would probably recommend to court for the government of distant churches.

Two clergymen in my memory stood candidates for a small free school in —shire, where a gentleman of quality and interest in the county, who happened to have a better understanding than his neighbours, procured the place for him who was the better scholar, and more gentlemanly person of the two, very much to the regret of all the parish; the other being disappointed came up to London, where he became the greatest pattern of this lower discretion that I have known, and possessed with as heavy intellectuals; which together with the coldness of his temper, and gravity of his deportment, carried him safe through many difficulties, and he lived and died in a great station, while his competitor is too obscure for fame to tell us what became of him.

This species of discretion, which I so much celebrate, and do most heartily recommend, hath one advantage not yet mentioned, that it will carry a man safe through all the malice and variety of parties, so far, that whatever faction happens to be uppermost, his claim is usually allowed for a share of what is going. And the thing seems to me

highly reasonable: for in all great changes the prevailing side is usually so tempestuous, that it wants the ballast of those, whom the world calls moderate men, and I call men of discretion, whom people in power, may with little ceremony load as heavy as they please, drive them through the hardest and deepest roads without danger of found'ring, or breaking their backs, and will be sure to find them neither rusty nor vicious.

I will here give the reader a short history of two clergymen in England, the characters of each, and the progress of their fortunes in the world; by which the force of worldly discretion, and the bad consequences from the want of that virtue will strongly appear.

Corusodes, an Oxford student, and a farmer's son, was never absent from prayers or lecture, nor once out of his college after Tom had toll'd. He spent every day ten hours in his closet, in reading courses, dozing, clipping his papers, or darning his stockings, which last he performed to admiration. He could be soberly drunk at the expence of others, with college ale, and at those seasons was always most devout. He wore the same gown five years, without dragling or tearing. He never once look'd into a play-book or a poem. He read Virgil and Ramus in the same cadence, but with a different taste. He never understood a jest, or had the least conception of wit.

For

For one saying he stands in renown to this day. Being with some other students over a pot of ale, one of the company said so many pleasant things, that the rest were much diverted, only Corusodes was silent and unmoved. When they parted, he called this merry companion aside, and said, Sir, I perceive by your often speaking, and our friends laughing, that you spoke many jests, and you could not but observe my silence. But, sir, this is my humour; I never make a jest myself, nor ever laugh at another man's.

Corusodes thus endowed got into holy orders, having by the most extreme parsimony saved thirty four pounds out of a very beggarly fellowship, went up to London, where his sister was waiting woman to a lady, and so good a solicitor, that by her means he was admitted to read prayers in the family twice a day, at fourteen shillings a month. He had now acquired a low, obsequious, awkward bow, and a talent of gross flattery, both in and out of season; he would shake the butler by the hand; he taught the page his catechism, and was sometimes admitted to dine at the steward's table. In short, he got the good word of the whole family, and was recommended by my lady for chaplain to some other noble house, by which his revenue (beside vales) amounted to about thirty pounds a year. His sister procured him a scarf from my lord (who had a small design of gallantry upon her;) and by his
his

his lordship's solicitation he got a lectureship in town of sixty pounds a year ; where he preached constantly in person, in a grave manner, with an audible voice, a style ecclesiastick, and the matter (such as it was) well suited to the intellectuals of his hearers. Some time after a country living fell in my lord's disposal, and his lordship, who had now some encouragement given him of success in his amour, bestowed the living on Corufodes, who still kept his lectureship in town, where he was a constant attendant at all meetings relating to charity, without ever contributing further than his frequent pious exhortations. If any women of better fashion in the parish happened to be absent from church, they were sure of a visit from him in a day or two, to chide and to dine with them.

He had a select number of poor, constantly attending at the street-door of his lodgings, for whom he was a common solicitor to his former patroness, dropping in his own half-crown among the collections, and taking it out when he disposed of the money. At a person of quality's house, he would never sit down till he was thrice bid, and then upon the corner of the most distant chair. His whole demeanor was formal and starched, which adhered so close, that he never could shake it off in his highest promotion.

His Lord was now in high employment at Court, and attended by him with the most abject
affiduity,

affiduity, and his sister being gone off with child to a private lodging, my Lord continued his graces to Corusodes, got him to be a chaplain in ordinary, and in due time a parish in town, and a dignity in the church.

He paid his curates punctually, at the lowest salary, and partly out of the communion-money ; but gave them good advice in abundance. He married a citizen's widow, who taught him to put out small sums at ten per cent, and brought him acquainted with jobbers in 'Change-alley. By her dexterity, he sold the Clerkship of his parish, when it became vacant.

He kept a miserable house, but the blame was laid wholly upon Madam ; for the good Doctor was always at his books, or visiting the sick, or doing other offices of charity and piety in his parish.

He treated all his inferiors of the clergy with a most sanctified pride ; was rigorously and universally censorious upon all his brethren of the gown, on their first appearance in the world, or while they continued meanly preferred ; but gave large allowance to the laity of high rank, or great riches, using neither eyes nor ears for their faults : he was never sensible of the least corruption in courts, parliaments, or ministers, but made the most favourable construction of all public proceedings ; and power, in whatever hands, or whatever party, was always secure of his most charitable opinion.

He

He had many wholesome maxims ready to excuse all miscarriages of state ; “ men are but men ; ” “ erunt vitia donec homines ; ” and “ quod supra nos, nil ad nos ; ” with several others of equal weight.

It would lengthen my paper beyond measure to trace out the whole system of his conduct ; his dreadful apprehensions of popery ; his great moderation towards dissenters of all denominations ; with hearty wishes, that by yielding somewhat on both sides, there might be a general union among protestants ; his short, inoffensive sermons, in his turns at court, and the matter exactly suited to the present juncture of prevailing opinions. The arts he used to obtain a mitre, by writing against episcopacy, and the proofs he gave of his loyalty, by palliating or defending the murder of a martyr'd prince.

Endowed with all these accomplishments, we leave him in the full career of success, mounting fast towards the top of the ladder ecclesiastical, which he hath a fair probability to reach, without the merit of one single virtue, moderately stocked with the least valuable parts of erudition, utterly devoid of all taste, judgment, or genius, and in his grandeur naturally chusing to hawl up others after him, whose accomplishments most resemble his own, except his beloved sons, nephews, or other kindred, be not in competition ; or lastly, except his
his

his inclinations be diverted by those who have power to mortify or further advance him.

Eugenio set out from the same university, and about the same time with Corusodes; he had the reputation of being an arch lad at school, and was unfortunately possessed with a talent for poetry, on which account he received many chiding letters from his father, and grave advice from his tutor. He did not neglect his college learning, but his chief study was the authors of antiquity, with a perfect knowledge in the Greek and Roman tongues. He could never procure himself to be chosen Fellow; for it was objected against him, that he had written verses, and particularly some, wherein he glanced at a certain reverend doctor, famous for dullness; that he had been seen bowing to ladies as he met them in the streets; and it was proved, that once he had been found dancing in a private family with half a dozen of both sexes.

He was the younger son to a gentleman of a good birth, but small fortune, and his father dying, he was driven to London, to seek his fortune: he got into orders, and became reader in a parish-church at twenty pounds a year, was carried by an Oxford friend to Will's coffee-house, frequented in those days by men of wit, where, in some time, he had the bad luck to be distinguished. His scanty salary compelled him to run deep in debt for a new gown and callock, and now and then forced him

him to write some paper of wit or humour, or preach a sermon for ten shillings, to supply his necessities. He was a thousand times recommended by his poetical friends to great persons, as a young man of excellent parts, who deserved encouragement, and received a thousand promises; but his modesty, and a generous spirit, which disdained the slavery of continual application and attendance, always disappointed him, making room for vigilant dunces, who were sure to be never out of sight.

He had an excellent faculty in preaching, if he were not sometimes a little too refined, and apt to trust too much to his own way of thinking and reasoning.

When upon the vacancy of preferment he was hardly drawn to attend upon some promising Lord, he received the usual answer, that he came too late, for that it had been given to another the very day before. And he had only this comfort left, that every body said, it was a thousand pities something could not be done for poor Mr. Eugenio.

The remainder of this story will be dispatched in a few words: wearied with weak hopes, and weaker pursuits, he accepted a curacy in Derbyshire, of thirty pounds a year, and when he was five and forty, had the great felicity to be preferred by a friend of his father's, to a vicarage worth annually sixty pound, in the most desert parts of Lincolnshire, where, his spirit quite sunk with the
reflec-

reflections that solitude and disappointments bring; he married a farmer's widow, and is still alive, utterly undistinguished and forgotten, only some of the neighbours have accidentally heard, *that he had been a notable man in his youth.*

V. 4, p. 3c.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

Imitated from the Eighth Book of OVID.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And strol'd about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother Hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their *tour* in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in *Kent*;
Where, in the strollers canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain;
Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win,
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring saints in woeful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate;
Having thro' all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last;

H

Where

Where dwelt a good old honest Yeoman,
Call'd in the neighbourhood, *Philemon*.
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night ;
And then the hospitable fire
B'd Goody *Baucis* mend the fire ;
While he from out the chimney took
A fitch of bacon off the hook ;
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd ;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink ;
And saw it fairly twice go round ;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd ;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry,——What art !
Then softly turn'd aside to view,
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle *pilgrims* soon aware on't,
Told 'em their calling and their errant ;
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but *Saints*, the Hermits said ;
No hurt shall come to you or yours ;
But, for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd ;

Whilst

Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.

They scarce had spoke ; when fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft ;
Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter,
The heavy wall clim'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist ;
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below ;
In vain ; for a superior force
Apply'd at bottom, stops its course,
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost, by disuse, the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels ;
And what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slow'r.
The flyer, tho't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't ;
But slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each other's side ;
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone ;

But up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd ;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
The roast meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like an huge snail along the wall ;
There struck aloft in public view ;
And with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,
Fair *Rosamond*, and *Robin Hood*,
The *Little Children in the Wood* ;
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter ;
And high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews :
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees,

The Hermits then desired their host
 To ask for what he fancy'd most.
Philemen having pauz'd a while,
 Return'd 'em thanks in homely style ;
 Then said, my house is grown so fine,
 Methings I still would call it mine :
 I'm old and fain would live at ease,
 Make me the *parson* if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels
 His grazier's coat fall down his heels ;
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each arm a pudding sleeve ;
 His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
 And both assum'd a sable hue ;
 But being old, continued just
 Astread-bare, and as full of dust.
 His talk was now of *tythes* and *dues* ;
 He smok'd his pipe, and read the news ;
 Knew how to preach old sermons next,
 Vamp'd in the preface and the text ;
 At Christ'nings well could act his part,
 And had the service all by heart ;
 Wish'd women might have children fast,
 And thought whose sow had farrow'd last ;
 Against *Dissenters* would repine,
 And stood up firm for *right divine*.
 Found his head fill'd with many a system,
 But classick authors,—he ne'er mist em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
 Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their farce on.

Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
 Good pinners edg'd with colberteen ;
 Her petticoat transform'd apace,
 Became black sattin flounc'd with lace.
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
 'Twas *Madam*, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprize,
 And hardly could believe his eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim ;
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus, happy in their change of life,
 Were several years this man and wife ;
 When on a day, which prov'd their last,
 Discourfing o'er old stories past,
 They went by chance amidst their talk,
 To the church-yard to take a walk ;
 When *Baucis* haftily cry'd out,
 My dear, I see your forehead sprout !
 Sprout, quoth the man, what's this you tell us ?
 I hope you don't believe me jealous :
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
 And really yours is budding too——
 Nay,——now I cannot stir my foot ;
 It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my muse ;
 In fhort, they both were turn'd to *yews*.

Old goodman *Dobfon* of the green
 Remembers he the trees has seen ;
 He'll talk of them from noon till night,
 And goes with folks to fhew the fight ;

On *Sundays*, after ev'ning prayer,
 He gathers all the parish there :
 Points out the place of either *yew* ;
 Here *Baucis*, there *Philemon* grew.
 Till once a parson of our town
 To mend his barn, cut *Baucis* down ;
 At which 'tis hard to be believ'd,
 How much the other tree was griev'd,
 Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted ;
 So, the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

V. 6, p. 30.

At the time when the coinage of halfpence by
 WILLIAM WOOD made most noise, several pa-
 pers of humour and ridicule ran about the town
 and kingdom, to expose that pernicious project ;
 among others, that which follows.

*A full and true Account of the solemn Proceſſion to the
 Gallows, at the Execution of WILLIAM WOOD,
 Eſquire and Hard-ware-man.*

(Written in the Year 1724.)

SOME time ago, upon a report spread, that
William Wood, hard-ware-man, was con-
 cealed in his brother-in-law's house here in Dub-
 lin ; a great number of people of different condi-
 tions, and of both sexes, crowded about the door,
 determinately bent to take revenge upon him as a
 coiner and counterfeiter. Among the rest, a cer-
 tain curious person, standing in a corner, observed
 that

that they all discovered their resentments in the proper terms and expressions of their several trades and callings; whereof he wrote down as many as he could remember; and was pleased to communicate them to me; with leave to publish them, for the use of those who at any time hereafter may be at a loss for proper words, wherein to express their good dispositions towards the said *William Wood*.

The people cried out to have him delivered into their hands.

Says the Parliament man, *Expell him the house*.

2d. Parliament man. I second that *motion*.

Cook. I'll *baste* him.

2d. *Cook*. I'll give him his *belly full*.

3d. *Cook*. I'll give him a *lick* in the *chops*.

4th. *Cook*. I'll *sowce* him.

Drunken-man. I'll beat him as long as I can *stand*.

Bookseller. I'll turn over a *new leaf* with him.

Sadler. I'll *pummel* him.

Glazier. I'll make the *light* shine thro' him.

Grocer. I'll *pepper* him.

Groom. I'll *curry* his hide.

Apothecary. I'll *pound* him.

2d. *Apothecary*. I'll beat him to *mummy*.

School-master. I'll make him an *example*.

Rabbit-catcher. I'll *ferret* him.

Paviour. I'll *thump* him.

Coiner. I'll give him a *rap*.

Whig. Down with him.

Tory.

- Tory.* Up with him.
Miller. I'll dash out his *grinders*.
2d. *Miller.* Dam him.
Boat-man. Sink him.
Scavenger. Throw him in the *kennel*.
Dyer. I'll beat him *black* and *blue*.
Bagnio-man. I'll make the *house* too *hot* for him.
Mustard-maker. I'll have him by the *nose*.
Curate. I'll make the *devil* come out of him.
Popish priest. I'll send him to the *devil*.
Dancing-master. I'll teach him *better manners*.
2d. *Dancing master.* I'll make him cut a *caper*
three story high.
Farmer. I'll *thrash* him.
Taylor. I'll fit in his *skirts*.
2d. *Taylor.* *Hell* is too good for him.
3d. *Taylor.* I'll *pink* his *doublet*.
Basket-maker. I'll *hamper* him.
Fidler. I'll have him by the *ears*.
2d. *Fidler.* I'll bang him to some *tune*.
Barber. I'll have him by the *beard*.
2d. *Barber.* I'll pull his *whiskers*.
3d. *Barber.* I'll make his *hair* stand an end.
4th. *Barber.* I'll *comb* his *locks*.
Tinker. I'll try what *metal* he's made of.
Cobler. I'll make an *end* of him.
Tobacconist. I'll make him *smoak*.
2d. *Tobacconist.* I'll make him set up his *pipes*.
Gold-finder. I'll make him *sink*.

Hackney-

Hackney-coachman. I'll make him know his driver.

2d. *Hackney-coachman.* I'll drive him to the devil.

Butcher. I'll have a limb of him.

2d. *Butcher.* Let us blow him up.

3d. *Butcher.* My knife in him.

Nurse. I'll swaddle him.

Anabaptist. We'll dip the rogue in the pond.

Ostler. I'll rub him down.

Shoemaker. Set him in the stocks.

Banker. I'll kick him to half-crowns.

2d. *Banker.* I'll pay him off.

Bowler. I'll have a rubber with him.

Gamester. I'll make his bones rattle.

Bodice-maker. I'll lace his sides.

Gardener. I'll make him water his plants.

Ale-wife. I'll reckon with him.

Cuckold. I'll make him pull in his horns.

Old-woman. I'll mumble him.

Hangman. I'll throttle him.

But, at last, the people having received assurances, that William Wood was neither in the house nor kingdom, appointed certain commissioners to hang him in effigie ; whereof the whole ceremony and procession deserve to be transmitted to posterity.

First, the way was cleared by a detachment of the *black-guards* ; with short sticks in their hands, and cockades of paper in their hats.

Then appeared William Wood, Esq. represented

to the life by an old piece of carved timber, taken from the keel of a ship. Upon his face, which looked very dismal, were fixed, at proper distances, several pieces of his own coin, to denote who he was, and to signify his calling, and his crime. He wore on his head a peruke very artfully composed of four old mops; a halter about his neck served him for a cravat. His cloaths were indeed not so neat and elegant as is usual with persons in his condition; which some censorious people imputed to affectation; for he was covered with a large rug of several colours in patch work; he was borne upon the shoulders of an able bodied porter. In his march by St. Stephen's-green, he often bowed on both sides, to shew his respects to the company; his deportment was grave, and his countenance, though somewhat pensive, was very composed.

Behind him followed his father alone, in a long mourning cloak, with his hat over his nose, and a handkerchief in his left hand to wipe the tears from his face.

Next in order marched the executioner himself in person, whose venerable aspect drew the attention of the whole assembly upon him; but he was further distinguished by a halter which he bore upon his left shoulder as the badge of his office.

Then followed two persons hand in hand; the one representing William Wood's * brother-in-law;

* One Molyneux, an Ironmonger.

law ; the other a certain Saddler, his intimate friend, whose name I forget. Each had a small kettle in his hand, wherein was a reasonable quantity of the new halfpence. At proper periods they shook their kettles, which made a melancholy sound, like the ringing of a knell for their partner and confederate.

After these followed several officers, whose assistance was necessary for the more decent performance of the great work in hand.

The procession was closed with an innumerable crowd of people, who frequently sent out loud huzza's ; which were censured by wiser heads as a mark of inhumanity, and an ungenerous triumph over the unfortunate ; without duly considering the various vicissitudes of human life. However, as it becomes an impartial historian, I will not conceal one observation, that Mr. Wood himself appeared wholly unmoved, without the least alteration in his countenance ; only when he came within sight of the fatal tree, which happened to be of the same species of timber with his own person, he seemed to be somewhat pensive.

At the place of execution, he appeared undaunted, nor was seen to shed a tear. He made no resistance, but submitted himself, with great resignation, to the hangman, who was, indeed, thought to use him with too much roughness, neither kissing him, nor asking him pardon. His dying speech was printed, and deserves to be written in letters
of

of gold. Being asked whether it were his own true genuine speech, he did not deny it.

Those of the softer sex who attended the ceremony, lamented that so comely and well-*timbered* a man should come to so untimely an end. He hung but a short time ; for upon feeling his breast, they found it cold and stiff.

It is strange to think how this melancholy spectacle turned the hearts of the people to compassion : when he was cut down, the body was carried through the whole city to gather contributions for his wake ; and all sorts of people shewed their liberality according as they were able. The ceremony was performed in an ale-house of distinction, and in a manner suitable to the quality of the deceased. While the attendants were discoursing about his funeral, a worthy member of the assembly stood up, and proposed, that the body should be carried out next day, and burned with the same pomp and formalities used at his execution ; which would prevent the malice of his enemies, and all indignities that might be done to his remains. This was agreed to ; and about nine o'clock on the following morning there appeared a second procession. But, burning not having been any part of the sentence, authority thought fit to interpose, and the corps was rescued by the civil power.

We hear the body is not yet interred ; which occasions many speculations. But what is more wonderful, it is positively assured by many who

pretend to have been eye witnesses; that there does not appear the least alteration in any one lineament or feature of his countenance, nor visible decay in his whole frame, further than what had been made by worms long before his execution. The solution of which difficulty, I shall leave among Naturalists.

V. 10, p. 315.

G R E A T A B I L I T I E S .

Great abilities, without the fear of God, are most dangerous instruments, when they are trusted with power. The laws of man have thought fit, that those who are called to any office of trust should be bound by an oath to the faithful discharge of it: but an oath is an appeal to God, and therefore can have no influence except upon those, who believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of those that seek him, and a punisher of those who disobey him: and therefore, we see, the laws themselves are forced to have recourse to conscience in these cases, because their penalties cannot reach the arts of cunning men, who can find ways to be guilty of a thousand injustices without being discovered, or at least without being punished. And the reason why we find so many frauds, abuses, and corruptions where any trust is conferred, can be no other, than that there is so little conscience and religion left in the world, or at least that men in their choice of instruments, have private ends in view, which are very different from the service of
the

the public. Besides, it is certain, that men who profess to have no religion, are full as zealous to bring over proselytes as any papist or fanatick can be. And therefore, if those who are in station high enough to be of influence or example to others; if those (I say) openly profess a contempt or disbelief of religion, they will be sure to make all their dependents of their own principles; and what security can the public expect from such persons, whenever their interests or their lusts come into competition with their duty? It is very possible for a man, who hath the appearance of religion, and is a great pretender to conscience, to be wicked and a hypocrite; but it is impossible for a man who openly declares against religion, to give any reasonable security that he will not be false, and cruel, and corrupt, whenever a temptation offers, which he values more than he does the power wherewith he was trusted. And if such a man doth not betray his cause and his master, it is only because the temptation was not properly offered, or the profit was too small, or the danger too great. And hence it is, that we find so little truth or justice among us, because there are so very few, who, either in the service of the public, or in common dealings with each other, do ever look farther than their own advantage, and how to guard themselves against the laws of the country; which a man may do by favour, by secrecy, or by cunning, though he breaks almost every law of God.

Sermon on the Testimony of Conscience, v. 11, p. 269.

INDIFFERENCE FOR OTHER MEN'S SUFFERINGS.]

There are no qualities more incident to the frailty and corruptions of human kind, than an indifference or insensibility for other men's sufferings, and a sudden forgetfulness of their own former humble state, when they rise in the world. These two dispositions have not, I think, any where so strongly exerted themselves, as in the order of bishops with regard to the inferior clergy; for which I can find no reasons, but such as naturally should seem to operate a quite contrary way. The maintenance of the clergy throughout the kingdom is precarious and uncertain, collected from a most miserable race of beggarly farmers; at whose mercy every *minister* lies to be defrauded. His office as *rector*, or *vicar*, if it be duly executed, is very laborious. As soon as he is promoted to a *bishoprick*, the scene is entirely and happily changed; his revenues are large, and as surely paid as those of the *king*; his whole business is once a year to receive the attendance, the submission, and the proxy-money of all his clergy, in whatever part of the diocese he shall please to think most convenient for himself. Neither is his personal presence necessary, for the business may be done by a *vicar general*. The fatigue of ordination is just what the bishops please to make it; and, as matters have been for some time, and may probably remain, the fewer ordinations the better. The rest
of

of their visible office consists in the honour of attending parliaments and councils, and bestowing preferments in their own gift; in which last employment, and in their spiritual and temporal courts, the labour falls to their *vice-general, secretaries, proctors, apparitors, seneschals*, and the like. Now, I say, in so quick a change, whereby their brethren, in a few days, are become their subjects, it would be reasonable at least to hope that the labour, confinement, and subjection, from which they have so lately escaped, *like a bird out of the snare of the fowler*, might a little incline them to remember the condition of those who were but last week their equals, probably their companions or their friends, and possibly as reasonable expectants. There is a known story of colonel *Tidcomb*, who, while he continued a subaltern officer, was every day complaining against the pride, oppression, and hard treatment of *colonels* towards their *officers*; yet, in a few minutes after he had received his commission for a regiment, walking with a friend on the *mall*, he confessed that the spirit of colonel-ship was coming fast upon him, which spirit is said to have daily increased to the hour of his death.

Considerations upon two Bills, v. 10, p. 275.

V I R T U E.

Philosophers say, *Virtue is seated in the middle*; so in another sense, the little virtue left in the world is chiefly to be found among the middle

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rank of mankind, who are neither allured out of her paths by ambition, nor driven by poverty.

V. 10, p. 143.

GOOD QUALITIES.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities, which were very serviceable to others, but useless to themselves ; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, to inform the neighbours and passengers, but not the owner within.

V. 3. p. 305.

MARRIAGE.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

Ibid, p. 308.

POWER OF FORTUNE.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable ; for the happy impute all their success to prudence or merit.

Ibid, p. 309.

CENSURE.

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

Ibid.

ACTIONS.

The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed, that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves ; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others ; and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing

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pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice. Religion is the best motive of all actions, yet religion is allowed to be the highest instance of self-love.

Ibid, p. 310.

COMPLAINT.

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

Ibid, p. 311.

PRAISE.

Praise is the daughter of present power.

Ibid, p. 313.

EPIGRAM,

On seeing a worthy Prelate go out of church in the time of divine service, to wait on his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

Lord *Pam* in the church (could you think it) kneel'd down ;

When told the Lieutenant was just come to town,

His *station* despising, unaw'd by the *place*,

He flies from his *God*, to attend on his *Grace* :

To the *court* it was fitter to pay his *devotion*,

Since GOD had no hand in his lordship's *promotion*.

V. 6, p. 227.

EPILOGUE TO A PLAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE
WEAVERS IN IRELAND.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the stage ?
When Actors, who at best are hardly saviors,
Will give a night of benefit to Weavers?

Stay,

Stay,——let me see, how finely will it sound !

Imprimis, from his Grace a hundred pound.

Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors ;

And then comes in the *Item* of the Actors.

Item, the Actors freely gave a day,—

The Poet had no more, who made the play.

But whence this wond'rous charity in Play'rs ?

They learnt it not at sermons, or at pray'rs.

Under the rose, since here are none but friends,

(To own the truth) we have some private ends.

Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,

Hold up the prices of their old *brocades*,

We'll dress in *manufactures* made at home ;

Equip our *Kings* and *Gen'als* at the *Comb*.

We'll rig in *Meath-street Egypt's* haughty queen ;

And *Anthony* shall court her in *ratteen*.

In *blue shalloon* shall *Hannibal* be clad,

And *Scipio* trail an *Irish purple plad*.

In drugget dress'd of thirteen pence a yard,

See *Philip's* son amidst his *Persian* guard :

And proud *Roxana* fir'd with jealous rage,

With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.

In short, our kings and princesses within,

Are all resolv'd the project to begin ;

And you, our subjects, when you here resort,

Must imitate the fashion of the court.

Oh ! could I see this audience clad in *stuff*,

Tho' money's scarce, we should have trade enough :

But *chints*, *brocades*, and *lace* take all away,

And scarce a crown is left to see a play :

Perhaps

Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
Between the *weavers* and us playhouse kings ;
But wit and weaving had the same beginning ;
Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning :
And next observe how this alliance fits,
For *weavers* now are just as poor as wits :
Their brother quill-men, workers for the stage,
For sorry *stuff* can get a crown a page ;
But *weavers* will be kinder to the *play'rs*,
And sell for twenty pence a yard of theirs.
And, to your knowledge, there is often less in
The *Poet's* wit, than in the *Player's* dressing.

V. 6, p. 189.

M O D E R A T I O N .

A man truly moderate is steady in the doctrine and discipline of the church, but with a due christian charity to all who dissent from it out of a principle of conscience : the freedom of which, he thinketh, ought to be fully allowed, as long as it is not abused, but never trusted with power. He is ready to defend with his life and fortune the protestant succession, and the protestant established faith, against all invaders whatsoever. He is for giving the crown its just prerogative, and the people their just liberties. He hateth no man for differing from him in political opinions ; nor doth he think it a maxim infallible, that virtue should always attend upon favour, and vice upon disgrace.

These

These are some few lineaments in the character of a truly moderate man : let us now compare it with the description of one, who usually passeth under that title.

A moderate man in the new meaning of the word is one, to whom all religion is indifferent ; who, although he denominates himself of the church, regardeth it no more than a conventicle. He perpetually raileth at the body of the clergy, with exceptions only to a very few, who, he hopeth, and probably upon false grounds, are as ready to betray their rights and properties as himself. He thinks the power of the people can never be too great, nor that of the prince too little ; and yet this very notion he publisheth, as his best argument, to prove him a most loyal subject. Every opinion in government, that differeth in the least from his, tends directly to popery, slavery, and rebellion. Whoever lieth under the frown of power, can, in his judgment, have neither common sense, common honesty, nor religion. Lastly, his devotion consisteth in drinking gibbets, confusion, and damnation : in profanely idolizing the memory of one dead prince, and ungratefully trampling upon the ashes of another.

By these marks you will easily distinguish a truly moderate man from those, who are commonly, but very falsely, so called ; and while persons thus qualified are so numerous and so noisy, so full of zeal and industry to gain proselytes and
spread

spread their opinions among the people, it cannot be wondered that there should be so little brotherly love left among us.

Sermon on Brotherly Love, v, 11, p. 283.

PARTY.

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

V. 4, p. 240.

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

Ibid.

FINE SENSE AND EXALTED SENSE.

Fine sense and exalted sense, are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense: and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

Ibid.

LEARNING.

Learning is like *mercury*, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world in skilful hands; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

Ibid, p. 241.

VANITY.

VANITY.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Ibid.

MODESTY.

Modesty, if it were to be recommended for nothing else, this were enough, that the pretending to little, leaves a man at ease, whereas boasting requires a perpetual labour to appear what he is not : if we have sense, modesty best proves it to others ; if we have none, it best hides our want of it. For as blushing will sometimes make a whore pass for a virtuous woman, so modesty may make a fool seem a man of sense.

Ibid.

FAULTS.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us ; it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more, than if none had ever sprung there.

Ibid.

FORGIVENESS.

A brave man thinks no one his superior, who does him an injury : for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

Ibid, p. 242.

HUMANITY.

To relieve the oppressed is the most glorious act
a man

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a man is capable of; it is in some measure doing the business of God and providence.

Ibid.

C H A R I T Y.

I as little fear that God will damn a man that has charity, as I hope that the priests can save one who has not.

Ibid.

S U P E R S T I T I O N.

Superstition is the spleen of the soul.

Ibid.

I M P E R T I N E N T O B S E R V A T I O N.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses reforming every thing there, while their own runs to ruin.

Ibid p. 243.

V I R T U E.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the Devil's leavings.

Ibid, p. 244.

F O O L I S H N E S S.

Some old men, by continually praising the time of their youth, would almost persuade us that there were no fools in those days, but unluckily they are left themselves for examples.

Ibid.

W I T.

The greatest advantage I know of being thought a wit by the world, is, that it gives one the greater freedom of playing the fool.

Ibid.

K

A man

A man of wit is not incapable of business, but above it. A sprightly generous horse is able too carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass, but he is too good to be put to the drudgery.

Ibid, p. 245.

GRATITUDE.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted, there would be as much generosity, if he were a rich man.

Ibid.

FLOWERS OF RHETORICK.

Flowers of rhetorick in sermons and serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit from it.

Ibid.

FALSE HAPPINESS.

False happiness is like false money, it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions: but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and allay, and feel the loss.

Ibid, p. 246.

GOOD AND ILL COMPANY.

'Tis a certain truth, that a man is never so easy, or so little imposed upon, as among people of the best sense: it costs far more trouble to be admitted or continued in ill company than in good; as the former have less understanding to be employed, so they have more vanity to be pleased; and to
keep

keep a fool constantly in good humour with himself, and with others, is no very easy task.

Ibid p. 247.

W I T.

'Tis as offensive to speak wit in a fool's company, as it would be ill manners to whisper in it; he is displeased at both for the same reason, because he is ignorant of what is said.

Ibid p. 248.

T H O U G H T S.

We should manage our thoughts in composing any work, as shepherds do their flowers in making a garland; first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other.

Ibid, p. 249.

P L A G I A R Y.

As handsome children are more a dishonour to a deformed father than ugly ones, because unlike himself; so good thoughts owned by a plagiarist, bring him more shame than his own ill ones. When a poor thief appears in rich garments, we immediately know they are none of his own.

Ibid.

J I L T I N G.

Women use lovers as they do cards; they play with 'em a while, and when they have got all they can by 'em, throw 'em away; call for new ones, and then perhaps lose by the new ones all they got by the old ones.

Ibid, p. 250.

Your true jilt uses men like chess men, she never dwells so long on any single man as to overlook another who may prove more advantageous ; nor gives one another's place, till she has seen 'tis for her interest ; but if one is more useful to her than others, brings him in over the heads of all those others.

Ibid.

F A M I L Y.

A family is but too often a commonwealth of malignants : what we call the charities and ties of affinity, prove but so many separate and clashing interests : the son wishes the death of the father ; the younger brother that of the elder ; the elder repines at the sisters portions : when any of them marry, there are new divisions, and new animosities. It is but natural and reasonable to expect all this, and yet we fancy no comfort but in a family.

Ibid, p. 251.

A U T H O R S.

Authors in *France* seldom speak ill of each other, but when they have a personal pique ; Authors in *England* seldom speak well of each other, but when they have a personal friendship.

Ibid.

C O V E T O U S N E S S.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness, or ill grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expences of any consequence. A
very

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101

very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

Ibid, p. 254.

S L A N D E R.

It often happens that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injured by slanderers : as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

Ibid.

K I N G.

A King may be a tool, a thing of straw ; but if he serves to frighten our enemies, and secure our property, it's well enough : a scare-crow is a thing of straw, but it protects the corn.

Ibid, p. 256.

M I N I S T E R.

A man coming to the water-side, is surrounded by all the crew ; every one is officious, every one making applications ; every one offering his service ; the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him. The same man going from the water-side, no noise is made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect ! The picture of a minister when he comes into power, and when he goes out.

Ibid, p. 257.

E P I G R A M.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
He took to the street, and fled for his life ;

K 3

Tom's

Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
 And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
 Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice—
 But Tom is a person of honor so nice,
 Too wise to take council, too proud to take warning,
 That he sent to all three a challenge next morning:
 Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life;
 Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

ATLAS, or the MINISTER of STATE; to the
 Lord Treasurer OXFORD.

ATLAS, we read in ancient song,
 Was so exceeding tall and strong,
 He bore the skies upon his back,
 Just as a pedlar does his pack;
 But, as a pedlar overpress'd,
 Unloads upon a stall to rest;
 Or, when he can no longer stand,
 Desires a friend to lend a hand;
 So Atlas, lest the pond'rous spheres
 Should sink, and fall about his ears,
 Got Hercules to bear the pile,
 That he might sit and rest a while.

Yet Hercules was not so strong,
 Nor could have borne it half so long.

Great statesmen are in this condition,
 And Atlas is a politician,
 A premier Minister of State;
 Alcides one of second rate.

Suppose

Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise,
 Yet when the weight of kingdoms lies
 Too long upon his single shoulders,
 Sink down he must, or find *upholders*.

V. 6, p. 77.

A SATIRICAL ELEGY on the DEATH of a late
 famous * GENERAL.

HIS Grace! impossible! what dead!
 Of old age too, and in his bed!
 And could that mighty warrior fall?
 And so inglorious, after all!
 Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
 The last loud trump must wake him now:
 And trust me, as the noise grows stronger,
 He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
 And could he be indeed so old
 As by the news-papers we're told;
 Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
 'Twas time in conscience he should die.
 This world he cumber'd long enough;
 He burnt his candle to the snuff;
 And that's the reason, some folks think,
 He left behind so great a f—k.
 Behold his funeral appears,
 Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
 Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
 Attend the progress of his hearse.
 But what of that, his friends may say,
 He had those honours in his day.

* The Duke of Marlborough.

Trif.

True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he dy'd.

Come hither, all ye empty things,
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of Kings ;
Who float upon the tide of state,
Come hither, and behold your fate.
Let pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a Duke ;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

V. 17, p. 70.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE BETWEEN RICHMOND LODGE AND MARBLE HILL.

Written June 1727, just after the news of the death of
George the First.

Richmond Lodge is a house with a small park, belonging to the Crown: it was usually granted by the Crown for a lease of years; the Duke of Ormond was the last who had it. After his exile it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

Marble Hill is a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of the Bed-chamber, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, and Groom of the Stole to the Queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond Lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, and the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler, and keeper of the ice-house. Upon King George the First's death, these two houses met, and had the following dialogue.

IN Spight of Pope, in spight of Gay,
And all that he or they can say ;

Sing

* This poem was carried to court, and read to the King and Queen.

Sing on I must, and sing I will
Of Richmond-lodge, and Marble-hill.

Last Friday-night, as neighbours use,
This couple met to talk of news :
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

MARBLE-HILL.

Quoth Marble-hill, right well I weer,
Your mistress now is grown a queen :
You'll find it soon by woeful proof,
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

The kingly prophet well convinces,
That we should put no trust in princes :
My royal master promis'd me
To raise me to a high degree ;
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends ;
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God they now may find us true.

MARBLE-HILL.

My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know ;
And now she will not have a shilling
To raise the stairs, or build the cieling ;

For,

For, all the courtly madams round,
 Now pay four shillings in the pound.
 'Tis come to what I always thought ;
 My dame is hardly worth a groat.
 Had you and I been courtiers born,
 We should not thus have lain forlorn :
 For, those we dext'rous courtiers call,
 Can rise upon their master's fall.
 But we, unlucky, and unwise,
 Must fall because our masters rise.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

My master, scarce a fortnight since,
 Was grown as wealthy as a prince ;
 But, now it will be no such thing.
 For he'll be poor as any king :
 And, by his crown will nothing get ;
 But, like a king, to run in debt.

MARBLE-HILL.

No more the Dean, that grave divine,
 Shall keep the keys of my no—wine ;
 My ice house rob, as heretofore,
 And steal my artichoaks no more ;
 Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
 Bedraggled in my walks so green :
 Plump Johnny Gay will now elope ;
 And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

Here wont the Dean, when he's to seek,
 To sponge a breakfast once a week ;

To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
 Complaints against the royal butter.
 But now I fear it will be said,
 No butter sticks upon his bread,
 We soon shall find him full of spleen,
 For want of tattling to the queen ;
 Stunning her royal ears with talking ;
 His rev'rence and her highness walking :
 Whilst * Lady Charlotte, like a stroller,
 Sits mounted on the garden roller.
 A goodly fight to see her ride,
 With antient † Mirmont at her side.
 In velvet cap his head lies warm ;
 His hat for show, beneath his arm.

MARBLE-HILL.

Some south-Sea broker, from the city,
 Will purchase me, the more's the pity ;
 Lay all my fine plantations waste,
 To fit them to his vulgar taste ;
 Chang'd for the worse in ev'ry part,
 My master, Pope, will break his heart.

RICHMOND-LODGE.

In my own Thames may I be drowned,
 If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head :
 Except her majesty prevails
 To place me with the Prince of Wales ;

And

* Lady Charlotte de Rouffy, a French Lady.

† Marquis de Mirmont, a French man of quality.

And then I shall be free from fears,
 For he'll be prince these fifty years.
 I then will turn a courtier too,
 And serve the times, as others do.
 Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
 I leave to your contriver, Pope :
 None loves his king and country better,
 Yet none was ever less their debtor.

MARBLE-HILL.

Then, let him come and take a nap,
 In summer on my verdant lap :
 Prefer our villa's where the Thames is,
 To Kensington, or hot St. James's;
 Nor shall I dull in silence sit ;
 For 'tis to me he owes his wit,
 My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
 Have taught him his poetic words.
 We gardens, and you wildernesses,
 Assist all poets in distresses.
 Him twice a week I here expect,
 To rattle * Moody for neglect ;
 An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
 In tippling at the Dog and Partridge ;
 And I can hardly get him down
 Three times a week to brush my gown.



* The gardener

RICHMOND-LODGE.

I pity you, dear Marble-hill ;
 But hope to see you flourish still.
 All happiness ——and so adieu.

MARBLE-HILL.

Kind Richmond-lodge, the same to you.

v. 7, p. 85.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION.

Written in the Year 1727.

'TIS strange, what different thoughts inspire
 In man, Possession and Desire ;
 Think what they wish so great a blessing,
 So disappointed when possessing.

A moralist profoundly sage,
 I know not in what book or page,
 Or, whether o'er a pot of ale,
 Related thus the following tale.

Possession, and Desire, his brother,
 But, still at variance with each other,
 Were seen contending in a race ;
 And, kept at first an equal pace :
 'Tis said, their course continued long ;
 For, this was active, that was strong :
 Till envy, slander, sloth and doubt,
 Misled them many a league about.
 Seduc'd by some deceiving light,
 They take the wrong way for the right :

L

Through

Through flipp'ry by-roads dark and deep,
They often climb, and often creep.

Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew :
'Till ent'ring on a broad highway,
Where power and titles scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground :
No sooner got, than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again,
And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects fairer to his view ;
In hope to spring some nobler game :
But ,all he took was just the same :
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.

Possession kept the beaten road ;
And, gather'd all his brother strow'd ;
But, overcharg'd, and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.

Desire had now the goal in sight :
It was a tow'r of monstrous height ;
Where, on the summit Fortune stands :
A crown and scepter in her hands,
Beneath, a chasm as deep as Hell,
Where many a bold advent'rer fell.
Desire, in rapture gaz'd a while,
And saw the treach'rous goddess smile ;
But, as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down.

He

He tumbled in the gulf profound ;
 There doom'd to whirl an endless round.
 Possession's load was grown so great,
 He sunk beneath the cumb'rous weight :
 And, as he now expiring lay,
 Flocks ev'ry om'nous bird of prey ;
 The Raven, Vulture, Owl, and Kite,
 At once upon his carcase light ;
 And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
 Regardless of his dying groans.

v. 7, p. 90.

FABLE OF ARACHNE AND PALLAS,
 Applied to England and Ireland.

THE goddess had heard of one Arachne, a young virgin very famous for spinning and weaving : they both met upon a trial of skill ; and Pallas finding herself equalled in her own art, stung with rage and envy, knocked her rival down, and turned her into a spider ; enjoining her to spin and weave for ever out of her own bowels, and in a very narrow compass. I confess, that from a boy I always pitied poor Arachne, and could never heartily love the goddess on account of so cruel and unjust a sentence ; which however is fully executed upon us by England, with further additions of rigour and severity ; for the greatest part of our bowels and vitals is extracted, without

allowing us the liberty of spinning and weaving them. *

Proposal for the Use of Irish Manufactures, v. 10, p. 7.

* Since this was wrote, the oppression complained of has been in some measure lightened.

G R E A T R I C H E S.

Great riches are no blessing in themselves ; because the poor man with the common necessaries of life, enjoys more health, and has fewer cares without them: how then do they become blessings? no otherwise, than by being employed in feeding the hungry, cloathing the naked, rewarding worthy men, and, in short, doing acts of charity and generosity. Thus likewise, power is no blessing in itself, because private men bear less envy, and trouble, and anguish without it. But when it is employed to protect the innocent, to relieve the oppressed, and to punish the oppressor, then it becomes a great blessing. And so, lastly, even great wisdom, is, in the opinion of Solomon, not a blessing in itself: for *in much wisdom is much sorrow*; and men of common understandings, if they serve God and mind their callings, make fewer mistakes in the conduct of life than those who have better heads. And yet wisdom is a mighty blessing, when it is applied to good purposes, to instruct the ignorant, to be a faithful counsellor either in public or private, to be a director to youth, and to many other ends needless here to mention.

Sermon on Mutual Subjection v. 11, p. 257.

MOLLY

MOLLY MOG: or, THE FAIR MAID
OF THE INN.

SAYS my uncle, I pray you discover
What hath been the cause of your woes,
Why you pine, and you whine, like a lover?

I have seen *Molly Mog* of the *Rose*.

O nephew! your grief is but folly,

In town you may find better prog;
Half a crown there will get you a *Molly*,

A *Molly* much better than *Mog*.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,

That women at best are a clog;
But I'm not so easily frightened

From loving of sweet *Molly Mog*.

The school-boy's desire is a play-day,

The school-master's joy is to flog:

The milk-maid's delight is on *May-day*,

But mine is on sweet *Molly Mog*.

Will-a-wisp leads th' traveller gadding

Thro' ditch, and thro' quagmire and bog;

But no light can set me a madding,

Like the eyes of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

For guineas in other mens breeches

Your gamesters will palm and will cog;

But I envy them none of their riches,

So I may win sweet *Molly Mog*,

The heart, when half wounded, is changing,

It here and there leaps like a frog;

But my heart can never be ranging,

'Tis so fix'd upon sweet *Molly Mog*.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
In pleasure is thought but a hog ;
All the sex cannot give so good measure
Of joys, as my sweet *Molly Mog*.
I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog ;
And nothing can give satisfaction
But thinking of sweet *Molly Mog*.
A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog,
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mog*.
If I would not give up the three *Graces*
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing room faces,
For a glance of my sweet *Molly Mog*.
Those faces want nature and spirit,
And seems as cut out of a log,
Juno, *Venus*, and *Pallas*'s merit
Unite in my sweet *Molly Mog*.
Those who toast all the family royal,
In bumpers of *Hogan* and *Nog*,
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to sweet *Molly Mog*.
Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,
And writing another eclogue ;
Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*
He'd give up for sweet *Molly Mog*.
When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me agog ;
To be sure she's a bit for the *Vicar*,
And so I shall lose *Molly Mog*,

CORRUPTNESS OF HEART.

I have now present before me the idea of some persons, who spend every moment of their lives, and every turn of their thoughts while they are awake, (and probably of their dreams while they sleep) in the most detestable actions and designs ; who delight in mischief, scandal, and obloquy, with the hatred and contempt of all mankind against them ; but chiefly of those among their own party, and their own family ; such whose odious qualities rival each other for perfection ; avarice, brutality, faction, pride, malice, treachery, noise, impudence, dullness, ignorance, vanity, and revenge, contending every moment for superiority in their breasts. Such creatures are not to be reformed ; neither is it prudent or safe to attempt a reformation. Yet, although their memories will *rot*, there may be some benefit for their survivors, to smell it while it is *rotting*.

Answer to a Memorial, v. 10, p. 246.

ADVANTAGES OF LIFE.

No man ought to look upon the advantages of life, such as riches, honour, power, and the like, as his property, but merely as a trust, which God hath deposited with him to be employed for the use of his brethren ; and God will certainly punish the breach of that trust, though the laws of man will not, or rather indeed cannot ; because the trust was conferred only by God, who has not left it
to

to any power on earth to decide infallibly, whether a man makes good use of his talents or no, or to punish him where he fails. And therefore God seems to have more particularly taken this matter into his own hands, and will certainly reward or punish us in proportion to our good or ill performance in it. Now, although the advantages, which one man possesseth more than another, may in some sense, be called his property with respect to other men, yet with respect to God, they are only a trust; which will plainly appear from hence: if a man does not use those advantages to the good of the public, or the benefit of his neighbour, it is certain he doth not deserve them, and, consequently, that God never intended them for a blessing to him; and, on the other side, whoever does employ his talents as he ought, will find, by his own experience, that they were chiefly lent him for the service of others, for to the service of others he will certainly employ them.

Sermon on Mutual Subjection, v, 11. p. 253.

C H A R I T Y.

What can be a greater honour than to be chosen one of the stewards and dispensers of God's bounty to mankind? what is there, that can give a generous spirit more pleasure and complacency of mind, than to consider that he is an instrument of doing much good? that great numbers owe to him, under God, their subsistence, their safety, their health,

health, and the good conduct of their lives ? the wickedest man upon earth takes a pleasure in doing good to those he loves ; and therefore surely a good christian, who obeys our Saviour's commands of loving all men, cannot but take delight in doing good even to his enemies. God, who gives all things to all men, can receive nothing from any ; and those among men, who do the most good and receive the fewest returns, do most resemble their creator : for which reason St. *Paul* delivers it as a saying of our Saviour, that *it is more blessed to give than receive.*

Ibid p. 256.

Dr. SWIFT to Mr. POPE, while he was writing
the DUNCIAD.

POPE has the talent well to speak,
But not to reach the ear ;
His loudest voice is low and weak,
The Dean too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look,
Then different studies chuse,
The Dean sits plodding on a book,
Pope walks, and courts the muse.
Now backs of letters, though design'd
For those who more will need 'em,
Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each

Each atom by some other struck,

All-turns and motion tries :

Till in a lump together stuck,

Behold a poem rise !

Yet to the Dean his share allot ;

He claims it by a canon ;

That, without which a thing is not,

Is, causa sine quâ non.

Thus, Pope, in vain you boast your wit ;

For, had our deaf divine

Been for your conversation fit,

You had not writ a line.

Of prelate thus, for preaching fam'd,

The sexon reason'd well,

And justly half the merit claim'd

Because he rang the bell.

V. 6, p. 237.

MR. JASON HASARD, a Woollen-draper in Dublin, put up the sign of the GOLDEN FLEECE, and desired a motto in verse.

JASON, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the Golden Fleece ;
We comb the wool, refine the stuff ;
For modern Jasons that's enough.
Oh ! could we tame yon watchful * dragon,
Old Jason would have less to brag on.

* *England.*

V. 7, p. 317.

AN

AN ELEGY on the much-lamented DEATH of
Mr. DEMAR, the famous rich USURER, who
died the 6th of July 1720.

Written in the Year 1720.

K NOW all men by these presents, Death the
tamer

By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar;
Nor can four hundred thousand sterling pound
Redeem him from his prison under ground.
His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess,
Bestow to bury him one iron chest.

Plutus the god of wealth, will joy to know
His faithful steward, in the shades below.
He walk'd the streets, and wore a thread-bare cloak;
He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk;
And, by his looks, had he held out his palms,
He might be thought an object fit for alms;
So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
He us'd them full as kindly as himself.

Where'er he went, he never saw his *bettors*;
Lords, Knights, and Squires, were all his humble
debtors;

And under *band and seal*, the *Irish* nation
Were forc'd to own to him their *obligation*.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat.
His *coffers* from the *coffin* could not save,
Nor all his *int'rest* keep him from the grave.

A golden

A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.

Oh *London* tavern ! thou hast lost a friend,
Tho' in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend ;
He *touch'd* the *pence* when others *touch'd* the *pot* ;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid and the shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seize ;
*But as his gold he weigh'd, grim Death in spight,
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light ;
And as he saw his darling *money* fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale.

He, who so long was *current*, 'twould be strange
If he should now be *cry'd down* since his *change*.

The *sexton* shall green sods on thee bestow :
Alas, the *sexton* is thy *banker* now !
A dismal *banker* must that *banker* be,
Who gives no *bills* but of *Mortality*.

THE EPITAPH.

Beneath this verdant hillock lies
Demar the wealthy, and the wise.
His Heirs, that he might safely rest,
Have put his carcase in a chest ;
The very chest, in which they say,
His other self, his money lay.
And if his heirs continue kind
To that dear self he est behind,
I dare believe, that four in five
Will think his better self alive.

v. 7, p. 25.

* The four following lines were written by Stella.

MORAL

MORAL HONESTY.

* There are some people who appear very indifferent as to religion, and yet have the repute of being just and fair in their dealings ; and these are generally known by the character of good moral men. But now if you look into the grounds and the motives of such a man's actions, you shall find them to be no other than his own ease and interest. For example : you trust a moral man with your money in the way of trade, you trust another with the defence of your cause at law, and, perhaps, they both deal justly with you. Why ? not from any regard they have for justice, but because their fortune depends upon their credit, and a stain of open public dishonesty must be to their disadvantage. But let it consist with such a man's interest and safety to wrong you, and then it will be impossible you can have any hold upon him ; because there is nothing left to give him a check, or put in the balance against his profit. For, if he hath nothing to govern himself by but the opinion of the world, as long as he can conceal his injustice from the world, he thinks he is safe.

Besides, it is found by experience, that those men, who set up for morality without regard to religion, are generally virtuous but in part ; they will be just in their dealings between man and man ; but if they find themselves disposed to pride, lust,

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* The Editor of this work will not suppose Sterne capable of plagiarizing, though a number of passages throughout his sermon on the Abuses of Conscience are almost word for word with Swift's on the Testimony of Conscience : let the reader compare this passage and the others taken from Swift's sermon, and the similitude will immediately appear.

intemperance, or avarice, they do not think their morality concerned to check them in any of these vices ; because it is the great rule of such men, that they may lawfully follow the dictates of nature, wherever their safety, health, and fortune are not injured. So that, upon the whole, there is hardly one vice, which a mere moral man may not, upon some occasions, allow himself to practise.

Sermon on the Testimony of Conscience, v. 11. p. 262.

H O N O R.

This word is often made the sanction of an oath ; it is reckoned to be a great commendation to be a strict man of honor ; and it is commonly understood, that a man of honour can never be guilty of a base action. This is usually the style of military men, of persons with titles, and of others who pretend to birth and quality. 'Tis true indeed, that in antient times it was universally understood, that honor was the reward of virtue ; but if such honor, as is now a-days going, will not permit a man to do a base action, it must be allowed there are very few such things as base actions in nature. No man of honor, as that word is usually understood, did ever pretend that his honor obliged him to be chaste or temperate, to pay his creditors, to be useful to his country, to do good to mankind, to endeavour to be wise or learned, to regard his word, his promise, or his oath : or, if he had any of these virtues, they were never learned in the catechism of honour, which contains but two precepts, the punctual payments of debts

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contracted at play, and the right understanding the several degrees of an affront, in order to revenge it by the death of an adversary.

But suppose the principle of honor, which some men so much boast of, did really produce more virtues than it ever pretended to; yet, since the very being of that honor depended upon the breath, the opinion, or the fancy of the people, the virtues derived from it could be of no long or certain duration.

For example: suppose a man, from a principle of honor, should resolve to be just, or chaste, or temperate, and yet the censuring world should take a humour of refusing him those characters, he would then think the obligation at an end. Or, on the other side, if he thought he could gain honor by the falsest and vilest action (which is a case that very often happens) he would then make no scruple to perform it. And God knows, it would be an unhappy state, to have the religion, the liberty, or the property of a people lodged in such hands; which however has been too often the case.

Ibid, 263.

F E A R A N D H O P E .

Fear and hope are the two greatest natural motives of all men's actions: but neither of these passions will ever put us in the way of virtue, unless they be directed by conscience. For although virtuous men do sometimes accidentally make their way to preferment, yet the world is so corrupted, that

no man can reasonably hope to be rewarded in it merely upon account of his virtue. And, consequently, the fear of punishment in this life, will preserve men from very few vices, since some of the blackest and basest do often prove the surest steps to favour; such as ingratitude, hypocrisy, treachery, malice, subornation, atheism, and many more which human laws do little concern themselves about. But when conscience placeth before us the hopes of everlasting happiness, and the fears of everlasting misery, as the reward and punishment of our good or evil actions, our reason can find no way to avoid the force of such an argument, otherwise than by running into infidelity.

Lastly, conscience will direct us to love God, and to put our whole trust and confidence in him. Our love of God will inspire us with a detestation for sin, as what is of all things most contrary to his divine nature; and, if we have an entire confidence in him, that will enable us to subdue and despise all the allurements of the world.

It may be here objected, if conscience be so sure a director to us christians in the conduct of our lives, how comes it to pass that the ancient heathens, who had no other lights but those of nature and reason, should so far exceed us in all manner of virtue, as plainly appears by many examples they have left on record?

To which it may be answered; first, those heathens

thens were extremely strict and exact in the education of their children ; whereas among us this care is so much laid aside, that the more God has blessed any man with estate or quality, just so much the less, in proportion, is the care he takes in the education of his children, and particularly of that child which is to inherit his fortune ; of which the effects are visible enough among the great ones of the world. Again, those heathens did, in a particular manner, instil the principle into their children of loving their country, which is so far otherwise now-a-days, that of the several parties among us, there is none of them that seem to have so much as heard whether there be such a virtue in the world, as plainly appears by their practices, and especially when they are placed in those stations where they can only have an opportunity of shewing it. Lastly ; the most considerable among the heathens did generally believe rewards and punishments in a life to come ; which is the great principle for conscience to work upon : whereas too many of those, who would be thought the most considerable among us, do, both by their practices and their discourses, plainly affirm, that they believe nothing at all of the matter.

Ibid, p. 266.

Clever TOM CLINCH going to be HANGED.

Written in the Year 1727.

AS clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was
bawling,

Rode stately through Holborn, to die in his calling,

He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,
 And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.
 His waistcoat and stockings, and breeches were
 white ;

His cap had a new cherry ribbon to ty't.
 The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
 And said, lack-a-day ! he's a proper young man.
 But, as from the windows the ladies he spy'd,
 Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each side ;
 And when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,
 He swore from his cart it was all a damn'd lye.
 The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee ;
 Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee :
 Then said, I must speak to the people a little,
 But I'll see you all damn'd before I will * whittle.
 My honest friend † Wild, may he long hold his
 place,

He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
 Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
 Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade ;
 My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
 And thus I go off without prayer book or psalm.
 Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
 Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.

v. 7, p. 96.

* A cant word for confessing at the gallows.

† The noted thief-catcher.

SECURITY OF PERSONS AND PROPERTY.

Where security of person and property are preserved by laws, which none but the whole can repeal, there the great ends of government are provided

vided for, whether the administration be in the hands of one, or of many. Where any one person or body of men, who do not represent the whole, seize into their hands the power in the last resort, there is properly no longer a government, but what Aristotle and his followers call the abuse and corruption of one. This distinction excludes arbitrary power in whatever numbers; which, notwithstanding all that Hobbes, Filmer, and others, have said to its advantage, I look upon as a greater evil than anarchy itself, as much as a savage is a happier state of life than a slave at the oar.

Sentiments of a Church of England Man, vol. 3, p. 95.

DIFFERENCE IN OPINION.

It is reckoned ill manners, as well as unreasonable, for men to quarrel upon difference in opinion; because that is usually supposed to be a thing which no man can help in himself; which however I do not conceive to be an universal infallible maxim, except in those cases where the question is pretty equally disputed among the learned and the wise: where it is otherwise, a man of tolerable reason, small experience, and willing to be instructed, may apprehend he is got into a wrong opinion, though the whole course of his mind and inclination would persuade him to believe it true; he may be convinced that he is in an error, though he does not see where it lies, by the bad effects of it in the common conduct of his life, and by observing those persons, for whose wisdom and good-

goodness he has the greatest deference, to be of a contrary sentiment. According to Hobbes's comparison of reasoning with casting up accounts, whoever finds a mistake in the sum total, must allow himself out, though after repeated trials he may not see in which article he has misreckoned. I will instance in one opinion, which I look upon every man obliged in conscience to quit, or in prudence to conceal; I mean, that whoever argues in defence of absolute power in a single person, though he offers the old plausible plea, that it is his opinion, which he cannot help, unless he be convinced, ought in all free states to be treated as the common enemy of mankind.

Ibid.

OPINION.

A wise and a good man may indeed be sometimes induced to comply with a number whose opinion he generally approves, though it be perhaps against his own. But this liberty should be made use of upon very few occasions, and those of small importance, and then only with a view of bringing over his own side another time to something of greater and more public moment. But to sacrifice the innocence of a friend, the good of our country, or our own conscience, to the humour, or passion, or interest of a party, plainly shews, that either our heads or our hearts are not as they should be : yet this very practice is the very fundamental law of each faction among us, as
may

as may be obvious to any who will impartially and without engagement, be at the pains to examine their actions, which, however, is not so easy a task; for it seems a principle in human nature, to incline one way more than another, even in matters where we are wholly unconcerned. And it is a common observation, that in reading a history of facts done a thousand years ago, or standing by at play among those who are perfect strangers to us, we are apt to find our hopes and wishes engaged on a sudden in favour of one side more than another. No wonder then we are all so ready to interest ourselves in the course of public affairs, where the most inconsiderable have some real share, and by the wonderful importance which every man is of to himself, a very great imaginary one.

Sentiments of a Church of England Man, v. 3, p. 73.

E P I G R A M.

LESBIA for ever on me rails,
To talk of me she never fails.
Now hang me, but for all her art,
I find that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is thus: I plainly see,
The case is just the same with me;
I curse her ev'ry hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.

V. 7, p. 317.

STELLA'S

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY.

ALL travellers at first incline
 Where'er they see the fairest sign ;
 And if they find the chambers neat,
 And like the liquor and the meat,
 Will call again, and recommend
 The Angel inn to ev'ry friend :
 What tho' the painting grows decay'd,
 The house will never lose its trade :
 Nay tho' the treach'rous tapster Thomas
 Hangs a new Angel two doors from us,
 As fine as dawbers hands can make it,
 In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
 We think it both a shame and sin
 To quit the true old Angel Inn.

Now, this is Stella's case in fact,
 An angel's face, a little crack'd ;
 (Could poets or could painters fix
 How angels look at thirty six :)
 This drew us in at first to find
 In such a form an angel's mind :
 And ev'ry virtue now supplies
 The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
 See, at her levee crowding swains,
 Whom Stella freely entertains,
 With breeding, humour, wit, and sense ;
 And puts them but to small expence ;
 Their mind so plentifully fills,
 And makes such reasonable bills,

So

So little gets for what she gives,
We really wonder how she lives !
And had her stock been less, no doubt,
She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place
When Doll hangs out a newer face ;
Or stop and light at Cloe's head,
With scraps and leavings to be fed.

Then Cloe, still go on to prate
Of thirty six and thirty eight ;
Pursue your trade of scandal picking,
Your hints, that Stella is no chicken ;
Your innuendo's, when you tell us
That Stella loves to talk with fellows ;
And let me warn you to believe
A truth for which your soul should grieve ;
That should you live to see the day
When Stella's locks must all be grey,
When age must print a furrow'd trace
On ev'ry feature of her face ;
Though you and all your senseless tribe,
Could art, or time, or nature bribe,
To make you look like beauty's queen,
And hold forever at fifteen ;
No bloom of youth can ever blind
The cracks and wrinkles of your mind ;
All men of sense will pass your door,
And crowd to Stella's at fourscore.

V. 6, p. 116.

On MRS. BIDDY FLOYD; or, The RECEIPT
to form a BEAUTY.

WHEN Cupid did his grandfire Jove intreat
To form some beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent and found far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene;
From which ingredients, first the dext'rous boy
Pick'd the demure, the aukward and the coy;
The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride;
These Venus cleans'd from ev'ry spurious grain
Of nice, coquet, affected, pert, and vain.
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy composition, Floyd.

v. 6, p. 111.

To the EARL of OXFORD, late LORD TREASURER. Sent to him when he was in the
TOWER, before his Trial.

Out of HORACE.

Written in the Year 1716.

HOW blest is he who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies.
The youth, in vain, would fly from fate's attack,
With trembling knees, and terror at his back;
Tho' fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine;
But shall with unattained honour shine;

Nor

Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown.

Virtue, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky ;
Where Jove a seat among the Gods will give
To those who die, for meriting to live.

Next, faithful Silence hath a sure reward ;
Within our breast be ev'ry secret barr'd :
He who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship with me.
For, who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest with the wicked, Heav'n involve the just ?
And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

v. 7, p. 16.

EDUCATION.

There is one circumstance in a learned education, which ought to have much weight, even with those who have no learning at all. The books read at school and colleges, are full of incitements to virtue, and discouragements from vice, drawn from the wisest reasons, the strongest motives, and the most influencing examples. Thus, young minds are filled early with an inclination to good, and an abhorrence of evil, both which encrease in them, according to the advances they make in literature ; and, although they may be, and too often are, drawn by temptations of youth, and the opportunities of a large fortune, into some irregularities, when they come forward into the great

N

world,

world, it is ever with reluctance and compunction of mind, because their byas to virtue still continues. They may stray sometimes out of infirmity or compliance, but they will soon return to the right road, and keep it always in view. I speak only of those excesses, which are too much the attendants of youth and warmer blood : for, as to the points of honour, truth, justice, and other noble gifts of the mind, wherein the temperature of the body hath no concern they are seldom or ever known to be wild:

Essay on Modern Education, v. 4. p. 51.

HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

Some proportion of human knowledge appears requisite to those, who, by their birth or fortune, are called to the making of laws, and in a subordinate way to the execution of them ; and that such knowledge is not to be obtained without a miracle, under the frequent corrupt and sottish methods of educating those, who are born to wealth or titles. For, I would have it remembered, that I do by no means confine these remarks to young persons of noble birth ; the same errors running through all families, where there is wealth enough to afford, that their sons (at least the eldest) may be good for nothing. Why should my son be a scholar, when it is not intended that he should live by his learning ? By this rule, if what is commonly said be true, that money answereth all things, why should my son be honest,

honest, temperate, just, or charitable, since he hath no intention to depend upon any of these qualities for a maintenance?

Ibid, p. 52.

The DESCRIPTION of an IRISH FEAST, translated almost literally out of the original IRISH.

Translated in the Year 1720.

O ROURK's noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there,
Or those who were not.
His revels to keep,
We sup and we dine
On seven score sheep,
Fat bullocks and swine.
Usquebaugh to our feast
In pails was brought up,
An hundred at least,
And a * madder our cup.
O there is the sport!
We rise with the light,
In disorderly fort,
From snoring all night.
O how I was trick'd!
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
I lost my new cloak.

* Wooden vessel.

I'm rifled, quoth Nell,
 Of mantle and * kercher :
 Why then fare them well,
 The de'el take the searcher.
 Come, Harper, strike up,
 But, first, by your favour,
 Boy, give us a cup :
 Ah ! this has some favour.
 O Rourk's jolly boys
 Ne'er dreamt of the matter,
 Till rous'd by the noise,
 And musical clatter,
 They bounce from their nest,
 No longer will tarry,
 They rise ready drest,
 Without one Ave Mary.
 They dance in a round,
 Cutting capers and ramping ;
 A mercy the ground
 Did not burst with their stamping.
 The floor is all wet
 With leaps and with jumps,
 While the water and sweat,
 Splish splash in their pumps.
 Bless you late and early,
 Laughlin O Enagin,
 By my hand, you dance rarely,
 † Margery Grinagin,

* Handkerchief. † The name of an Irish woman.

Bring straw for our bed,
 Shake it down to the feet,
 Then over us spread
 The winnowing sheet.
 To show I don't flinch,
 Fill the bowl up again,
 Then give us a pinch
 Of your sneezing, * a yean.
 Good Lord, what a sight,
 After all their good cheer,
 For people to fight
 In the midst of their beer ?
 They rise from their feast,
 And hot are their brains,
 A cubit at least
 The length of their † skeans.
 What stabs and what cuts,
 What clatt'ring of sticks ;
 What strokes on the guts,
 What buffings and kicks !
 With cudgels of oak,
 Well harden'd in flame,
 An hundred heads broke,
 An hundred struck lame.
 You churl, I'll maintain
 My father built Lusk,
 The Castle of Slain ;
 And Carrick Drumrusk :

N 3

The

* An Irish Word for a woman.

† Daggers, or short swords.

The Earl of Kildare,
And Moynalta, his brother,
As great as they are,
I was nurs'd by their mother.
Ask that of old madam,
She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam,
She knows it is true.
Come down with that beam,
If cudgels are scarce,
A blow on the weam,
Or a kick on the a—se.

v. 7, p. 30.

ABSOLUTE POWER.

Absolute power, in a particular state, is of the same nature with universal monarchy in several states adjoining to each other. So endless and exorbitant are the desires of men, whether considered in their persons or their states, that they will grasp at all, and can form no scheme of perfect happiness with less. Ever since men have been united into governments, the hopes and endeavours after universal monarchy have been bandied among them, from the reign of Ninus, to that of the Most Christian King; in which pursuits commonwealths have had their share as well as monarchies: so the Athenians, the Spartans, the Thebans, and the Achaians, did several times aim at the universal monarchy of Greece: so the commonwealths

monwealths of Carthage and Rome affected the universal monarchy of the then known world. In like manner has absolute power been pursued by the several parties of each particular state; wherein single persons have met with most success, though the endeavours of the few and the many have been frequent enough: but, being neither so uniform in their designs, nor so direct in their views, they neither could manage nor maintain the power they had got; but were ever deceived by the popularity and ambition of some single person. So that it will be always a wrong step in policy, for the Nobles or Commons to carry their endeavours after power so far, as to overthrow the balance; and it would be enough to damp their warmth in such pursuits, if they could once reflect, that in such a course they will be sure to run upon the very rock they meant to avoid; which they would have us think is the tyranny of a single person.

Contests and Dissentions in Athens and Rome, v. 3, p. 20.

A DESCRIPTION of a CITY SHOWER, in imitation
of VIRGIL'S GEORGICS.

CAREFUL observers may foretell the hour
(By sure prognosticks) when to dread a show'r.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolick, and pursues her tail no more.

Returning

Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine,
You'll spend in coach hire more than save in wine.
A coming show'r your shooting corns presage,
Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage.
Saunt'ring in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.

Mean while the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,
And like a drunkard gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling show'r is borne aslope.
Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean.
You fly, invoke the Gods; then turning, stop
To rail; she singing, still whirls on her mop.
Nor yet the dust had shun'd th' unequal strife,
But aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wasted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was
dust.

Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
His only coat, where dust confus'd with rain
Roughen the nap, and leave a mingled stain.
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.

To

To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while ev'ry spout's abroad,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tuck'd up sempstrefs walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories, and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Box'd in a chair, the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits ;
And ever and anon, with frightful din,
The leather sounds ; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be freed ;
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, run them thro';)
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go :
Filths of all hues and odours, seem to tell
What street they sail'd from, by their sight and
smell.

They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force
From Smithfield or St. Pulchre's shape their course ;
And in huge confluent join at Snow-hill ridge,
Fall from the Conduit prone to Holbourn-bridge,
Sweep-

Sweepings from butchers stalls, dung, guts and
 blood,
 Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd
 in mud,
 Dead cats, and turnip tops, come tumbling down
 the flood.

V. 6, p. 36.

YOUTH OF ENGLAND.

'Tis a remark of Hobbes, that the youth of England are corrupted in their principles of government, by reading the authors of Greece and Rome, who writ under commonwealths. But it might have been more fairly offered for the honour of liberty, that while the rest of the known world was overrun with the arbitrary government of single persons, arts and sciences took their rise, and flourished only in those few small territories where the people were free. And though learning may continue after liberty is lost, as it did in Rome, for a while, upon the foundations laid under the commonwealth, and the particular patronage of some emperors, yet it hardly ever began under a tyranny in any nation. Because slavery is of all things the greatest clog and obstacle to speculation. And, indeed, arbitrary power is but the first natural step from anarchy or the savage life; the adjusting power and freedom being an effect and consequence of maturer thinking: and this is nowhere else so duly regulated as in a limited monarchy:

narchy: because I believe it may pass for a maxim in state, that the Administration cannot be placed in too few hands, nor the Legislature in too many. Now in this material point, the constitution of the English government far exceeds all others at this time on the earth, to which the present establishment of the church doth so happily agree, that whoever is an enemy to either, must of necessity be so to both.

Sentiments of a Church of England Man, v. 3, p. 99.

* WHITSHED'S MOTTO on his COACH.

Libertas & natale solum.

Liberty and my native country.

Written in the Year 1724.

LIBERTAS & natale solum;-
 Fine words! I wonder where you stole um..
 Could nothing but thy chief reproach,
 Serve for a motto on thy coach?
 But let me now the words translate:
 Natale solum: my estate:
 My dear estate, how well I love it!
 My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it:
 They swear I am so kind and good,
 I hug them till I squeeze their blood.

Libertas bears a large import:
 First, how to swagger in a court;
 And, secondly, to shew my fury
 Against an uncomplying jury;

And,

* The Chief Justice who prosecuted the Drapier.

And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention
 To favour Wood, and keep my pension ;
 And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
 Get the great seal, and turn out Brod'rick.
 And, fifthly, you know whom I mean,
 To humble that vexatious Dean.
 And sixthly, for my soul, to barter it
 For fifty times its worth, to C——t.

Now, since your mottos thus you construe,
 I must confess you've spoken once true.
 Libertas & natale solum ;
 You had good reason when you stole 'um.

V. 7, p. 51.

UNLIMITED POWER.

It is agreed, that in all government there is an absolute unlimited power, which naturally and originally seems to be placed in the whole body, wherever the executive part of it lies. This holds in the body-natural ; for wherever we place the beginning of motion, whether from the head or the heart, or the animal spirits in general, the body moves by a consent of all its parts. This unlimited power placed fundamentally in the body of a people, is what the legislators of all ages have endeavoured, in their several schemes or institutions of government, to dispose in such hands as would preserve the people from rapine and oppression within, as well as violence from without.

Most

Most of them seem to agree in this, that it was a trust too great to be committed to any one man or assembly, and therefore they left the right still in the whole body; but the administration, or executive part, in the hands of one, the few, or the many, into which three powers all independent bodies of men seem naturally to divide; for by all I have read of those innumerable and petty commonwealths in Italy, Greece, and Sicily, as well as the great ones of Carthage and Rome, it seems to me, that a free people met together, whether by compact, or family government, as soon as they fall into any acts of civil society, do, of themselves, divide in three powers. The first is that of some eminent spirit, who having signalized his valour and fortune in defence of his country, or by the practice of popular arts at home, becomes to have great influence on the people, to grow their leader in warlike expeditions, and to preside, after a sort, in their civil assemblies; and this is grounded upon the principles of nature and common reason, which in all difficulties or dangers, where prudence or courage are required, do rather incite us to fly for counsel or assistance to a single person, than a multitude. The second natural division of power, is of such men who have acquired large possessions, and consequently dependencies, or descend from ancestors who have left them great inheritances, together with an hereditary authority. These easily uniting in thoughts

and opinions, and acting in concert, begin to enter upon measures for securing their properties, which are best upheld by preparing against invasions from abroad, and maintaining peace at home: this commences a great council or senate of nobles for the weighty affairs of the nation. The last division, is of the mass or body of the people, whose part of power is great and indisputable, whenever they can unite either collectively, or by deputation, to exert it. Now the three forms of government, so generally known in the schools, differ only by the civil administration being placed in the hands of one, or sometimes two, as in Sparta, who were called kings; or in a senate, who were called the nobles; or in the people collective or representative, who may be called the commons. Each of these had frequently the executive power in Greece, and sometimes in Rome: but the power in the last resort was always meant by legislators to be held in a balance among all three. And it will be an eternal rule in politics among every free people, that there is a balance to be carefully held by every state within itself, as well as among several states with each other.

The true meaning of a balance of power, either without or within a state, is best conceived by considering what the nature of a balance is. It supposes three things: first, the part which is held, together with the hand that holds it; and then the two scales, with whatever is weighed therein.

Now

Now consider several states in a neighbourhood ; in order to preserve peace between these states, it is necessary they should be formed into a balance, whereof one or more are to be directors, who are to divide the rest into equal scales, and upon occasion remove from one into the other, or else fall with their own weight into the lightest : so in a state within itself, the balance must be held by a third hand, who is to deal the remaining power with utmost exactness into the several scales. Now it is not necessary that the power should be equally divided between these three ; for the balance may be held by the weakest, who, by his address and conduct, removing from either scale, and adding of his own, may keep the scales duly pois'd. Such was that of the two kings of Sparta, the consular power in Rome, that of the kings of Media before the reign of Cyrus, as represented by Xenophon ; and that of the several limited states in the Gothic institution.

When the balance is broke, whether by the negligence, folly, or weakness of the hand that held it, or by mighty weights fallen into either scale, the power will never continue long in equal division between the two remaining parties, but, till the balance is fixed anew, will run entirely into one. This gives the truest account of what is understood in the most ancient and approved Greek authors by the word tyranny, which is not meant for the seizing of the uncontrolled or absolute

power into the hands of a single person, (as many superficial men have grossly mistaken) but for the breaking of the balance by whatever hand, and leaving the power wholly in one scale : for tyranny and usurpation in a state, are by no means confined to any number, as might easily appear from examples enough.

Contests and Dissensions in Athens and Rome, v. 3. p. 1.

A DESCRIPTION of the MORNING.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney coach
 Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.
 Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
 And softly stole to discompose her own.
 The slip-shod 'prentice from his master's door
 Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
 Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,
 Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.
 The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
 The kennel edge, where wheels had worn the place.
 The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
 Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.
 Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet ;
 And brick-duft Moll had scream'd thro' half the
 street.

The Turnkey now his flock returning sees,
 Duely let out a-nights to steal for fees.
 The watchful Bailiffs take their silent stands ;
 And School-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

Ibid, p. 39.

HAP.

H A P P I N E S S.

Cant and vision are to the ear and the eye, the same that tickling is to the touch. Those entertainments and pleasures we most value in life, are such as dupe and play the wag with the senses. For, if we take an examination of what is generally understood by happiness, as it has respect either to the understanding or the senses, we shall find all its properties and adjuncts will herd under this short definition: that it is a perpetual possession of being well deceived. And first, with relation to the mind or understanding, it is manifest, what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is just at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes, and produce more wonderful revolutions, than fortune or nature will be at expence to furnish. Nor is mankind so much to blame in his choice thus determining him, if we consider that the debate merely lies between things past, and things conceived: and so the question is only this; whether things, that have place in the imagination, may not as properly be said to exist, as those that are seated in the memory; which may be justly held in the affirmative, and very much to the advantage of the former, since this is acknowledged to be the womb of things, and the other allowed to be no more than the grave. Again, if we take this definition of happiness, and examine it with reference to the senses, it will be acknowledged wonder-

fully adapt. How fading and insipid do all objects accost us that are not conveyed in the vehicle of delusion ! how shrunk is every thing, as it appears in the glass of nature ! so that if it were not for the assistance of artificial mediums, false lights; refracting angles, varnish and tinsel ; there would be a mighty level in the felicity and enjoyments of mortal men. If this were seriously considered by the world, as I have a certain reason to suspect it hardly will, men would no longer reckon among their high points of wisdom the art of exposing weak sides, and publishing infirmities ; an employment, in my opinion, neither better nor worse than that of unmasking, which I think has never been allowed fair usage, either in the world or the play-house.

In proportion that credulity is a more peaceful possession of the mind, than curiosity ; so far preferable is that wisdom, which converses about the surface, to that pretended philosophy, which enters into the depth of things, and then comes gravely back with informations and discoveries, that in the inside they are good for nothing. The two senses, to which all objects first address themselves, are the sight and the touch ; these never examine farther than the colour, the shape, the size, and whatever other qualities dwell, or are drawn by art upon the outward bodies ; and then comes reason officiously with tools for cutting, and opening, and mangling, and piercing, offering to demonstrate,

strate, that they are not of the same consistence quite through. Now I take all this to be the last degree of perverting nature ; one of whose eternal laws it is to put her best furniture forward. And therefore, in order to save the charges of all such expensive anatomy for the time to come, I do here think fit to inform the reader, that, in such conclusions as these, reason is certainly in the right; and that in most corporal beings, which have fallen under my cognizance, the outside hath been infinitely preferable to the in : whereof I have been farther convinced from some late experiments. Last week I saw a woman flayed, and you will hardly believe, how much it altered her person for the worse. Yesterday I ordered the carcase of a beau to be stripped in my presence, when we were all amazed to find so many unsuspected faults under one suit of cloaths. Then I laid open his brain, his heart, and his spleen : but I plainly perceived, at every operation, that the farther we proceeded, we found the defects increase upon us in number and bulk : from all which, I justly formed this conclusion to myself ; that whatever philosopher or projector can find out an art to solder and patch up the flaws and imperfections of nature, will deserve much better of mankind, and teach us a more useful science, than that so much in present esteem, of widening and exposing them, like him, who held anatomy to be the ultimate end of physick. And he, whose fortunes and dispositions
have

have placed him in a convenient station to enjoy the fruits of this noble art ; he that can with Epicurus content his ideas with the films and images, that fly off upon his senses from the superficies of things ; such a man, truly wise, creams off nature, leaving the sour and the dregs for philosophy and reason to lap up. This is the sublime and refined point of felicity, called the possession of being well deceived ; the serene peaceful state of being a fool among knaves:

v. 1, p. 138.

A POETICAL GENEALOGY and DESCRIPTION OF MERIT.

True Merit was the son of Virtue and Honour ; there was likewise a spurious child, who usurped the name, and whose parents were Vanity and Impudence. At a distance there was a great resemblance between them, and they were often mistaken for each other. The bastard issue had a loud shrill voice, which was perpetually employed in cravings and complaints ; while the other never spoke louder than a whisper, and was often so bashful, that he could not speak at all. In all great assemblies the false Merit would step before the true, and stand just in his way ; was constantly at court, or great men's levees, or whispering in some minister's ear. The more you fed him, the more hungry and importunate he grew. He often passed for the true son of Virtue and Honour, and the

the genuine for an impostor. He was born distorted and a dwarf, but by force of art appeared of a handsome shape, and taller than the usual size; and none but those who were wise and good, as well as vigilant, could discover his littleness or deformity. The true Merit had been often forced to the indignity of applying to the false for his credit with those in power, and to keep himself from starving. False Merit filled the anti-chambers with a crew of his dependants and creatures, such as projectors, schematists, occasional converts to a party, prostitute flatterers, starveling writers, buffoons, shallow politicians, empty orators, and the like; who all owned him for their patron, and grew discontented, if they were not immediately fed.

v. 8, p. 163.

PART of the IXth ODE of the FOURTH BOOK of
HORACE, addressed to Dr. WILLIAM KING,
late LORD ARCHBISHOP of DUBLIN.

PAULUM SEPULTE, &c.

VIRTUE conceal'd within our breast
Is inactivity at best:
But never shall the muse endure
To let your virtues lye obscure,
Or suffer envy to conceal
Your labours for the public weal.
Within your breast all wisdom lies,
Either to govern or advise;

Your

Your steady soul preserves her frame
 In good and evil times the same.
 Pale avarice and lurking fraud
 Stand in your sacred presence aw'd ;
 Your hand alone from gold abstains,
 Which drags the slavish world in chains.

Him for a happy man I own,
 Whose fortune is not overgrown ;
 And happy he, who wisely knows
 To use the gifts that heav'n bestows ;
 Or if it please the pow'rs divine,
 Can suffer want, and not repine.
 The man, who infamy to shun
 Into the arms of death would run,
 That man is ready to defend
 With life his country, or his friend.

V. 7, P. 304.

AN ESSAY * ON NATIONAL REWARDS ; being a
 proposal for bestowing them on a plan more
 durable and respectable.

Cuncti adsint, meritis que expectent premia palmæ. VIRG.

THERE is no maxim in politics more indisputable, than that a nation should have many honours to reserve for those who do national services. This raises emulation, cherishes public merit, and inspires every one with an ambition which promotes the good of his country. The
 less

* This Essay was first printed in the 96th Number of the Guardian.

less expensive these honours are to the public, the more still do they turn to its advantage.

The Romans abounded with these little honorary rewards, that, without conferring wealth and riches, gave only place and distinction to the person who received them. An oaken garland, to be worn on festivals and public ceremonies, was the glorious recompence of one who had covered a citizen in battle. A soldier would not only venture his life for a mural crown, but think the most hazardous enterprize sufficiently repaid by so noble a donation.

But, among all honorary rewards which are neither dangerous nor detrimental to the donor, I remember none so remarkable as the titles which are bestowed by the emperor of China. "These are never given to any subject," says Monsieur Le Conte, "till the subject is dead. If he has pleased his emperor to the last, he is called in all public memorials by the title which the emperor confers on him after his death, and his children take their ranks accordingly." This keeps the ambitious subject in a perpetual dependence, making him always vigilant and active, and in every thing conformable to the will of his sovereign.

There are no honorary rewards among us which are more esteemed by the person who receives them, and are cheaper to the prince, than the giving of medals. But there is something in the modern manner of celebrating a great action in medals,

dals, which makes such a reward much less valuable than it was among the Romans. There is generally but one coin stamped upon the occasion, which is made a present to the person who is celebrated on it. By this means the whole fame is in his own custody. The applause that is bestowed upon him is too much limited and confined. He is in possession of an honour which the world perhaps knows nothing of. He may be a great man in his own family; his wife and children may see the monument of an exploit, which the public in a little time is a stranger to. The Romans took a quite different method in this particular. Their medals were th'ir current money. When an action deserved to be recorded on a coin, it was stamped perhaps upon an hundred thousand pieces of money, like our shillings or halfpence, which were issued out of the mint, and became current. This method published every noble action to advantage, and in a short space of time spread through the whole Roman empire. The Romans were so careful to preserve the memory of great events upon their coins, that when any particular piece of money grew very scarce, it was often re-coined by a succeeding emperor, many years after the death of the emperor to whose honour it was first struck.

A friend of mine drew up a project of this kind during the late ministry,* which would then have been

* This essay was written in the year 1713.

been put in execution, had it not been too busy a time for thoughts of that nature. As this project has been very much talked of by the gentleman above-mentioned to men of the greatest genius as well as quality, I am informed there is now a design on foot for executing the proposal which was then made, and that we shall have several farthings and halfpence charged on the reverse with many of the glorious particulars of her majesty's reign. This is one of those arts of peace which may very well deserve to be cultivated, and which may be of great use to posterity.

As I have in my possession the copy of the paper above mentioned, which was delivered to the late lord treasurer, * I shall here give the public a sight of it; for I do not question but that the curious part of my readers will be very well pleased to see so much matter, and so many useful hints upon this subject, laid together in so clear and concise a manner:

“ The English have not been so careful as
“ other polite nations to preserve the memory of
“ their great actions, and events on medals. Their
“ subjects are few, their mottos and devices mean,
“ and the coins themselves not numerous enough
“ to spread among the people, or descend to posterity.

“ The French have outdone us in these particulars; and by the establishment of a society

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“ for

* Lord Godolphin.

“ for the invention of proper inscriptions and designs, have the whole history of their present king in a regular series of medals.

“ They have failed, as well as the English, in coining so small a number of each kind ; and those of such costly metals that each species may be lost in a few ages, and is at present no where to be met with but in the cabinets of the curious.

“ The ancient Romans took the only effectual method to disperse and preserve their medals, by making them their current money.

“ Every thing glorious or useful, as well in peace as war, gave occasion to a different coin. Not only an expedition, victory, or triumph, but the exercise of a solemn devotion, the remission of a duty or tax, a new temple, sea-port, or high-way, were transmitted to posterity after this manner.

“ The greatest variety of devices are on their copper money, which have most of the designs that are to be met with on the gold and silver, and several peculiar to that metal only. By this means they were dispersed into the remotest corners of the empire, came into the possession of the poor as well as rich, and were in no danger of perishing in the hands of those that might have melted down coins of a more valuable metal.

“ Add to all this, that the designs were invented

“ ed by men of genius, and executed by a decree
“ of senate.

“ It is therefore proposed :

“ 1. That the English farthings and halfpence
“ be re-coined, upon the union of the two nati-
“ ons.

“ 2. That they bear devices and inscriptions
“ alluding to all the most remarkable parts of her
“ majesty's reign.

“ 3. That there be a society established, for the
“ finding out of proper subjects, inscriptions, and
“ devices.

“ 4. That no subject, inscription, or device,
“ be stamped without the approbation of this soci-
“ ety ; nor, if it be thought proper, without the
“ authority of privy-council.

“ By this means, medals, that are at present on-
“ ly a dead treasure, or mere curiosities, will be of
“ use in the ordinary commerce of life ; and, at
“ the same time, perpetuate the glories of her ma-
“ jesty's reign, reward the labours of her greatest
“ subjects, keep alive in the people a gratitude for
“ public services, and excite the emulation of pos-
“ terity. To these generous purposes nothing can
“ so much contribute as medals of this kind ;
“ which are of undoubted authority, of necessary
“ use and observation, not perishable by time, nor
“ confined to any certain place ; properties not

“to be found in books, statues, buildings, or
“any other monuments of illustrious actions.”

v. 18, p. 354.

S A T I R E.

Satire is a sort of glass, wherein beholders do generally discover every body's face but their own; which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world, and that so very few are offended with it. But if it should happen otherwise, the danger is not great; and I have learned from long experience never to apprehend mischief from those understandings, I have been able to provoke; for, anger and fury, though they add strength to the sinews of the body, yet are found to relax those of the mind, and to render all its efforts feeble and impotent.

v. 1, p. 183.

A QUIBBLING ELEGY on the Worshipful JUDGE BOAT.

Written in the Year 1723.

TO mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate hath sunk our justice Boat.
Why should he sink, where nothing seem'd to press?
His lading little, and his ballast less:
Toft in the waves of the tempestuous world,
At length his anchor fix'd and canvas furl'd,
To * Lazy-hill retiring from his court,
At his * Ring's-end he founders in the port.
With † water fill'd, he could no longer float,
The common death of many a stronger boat.

* Two villages near the sea, where boatmen and seamen live.

† It was said he died of a dropsy.

A post

A post so fill'd, on nature's laws entrenches:
 Benches on boats are plac'd, not boats on benches.
 And yet our boat, how shall I reconcile it ?
 Was both a boat, and in one sense a pilot.
 With ev'ry wind he sail'd, and well could tack :
 Had many pendants, but abhorr'd a § jack.
 He's gone, although his friends began to hope,
 That he might yet be lifted by a rope.

Behold the awful bench on which he sat ;
 He was as hard and pond'rous wood as that :
 Yet, when his sand was out, we find at last,
 That death has overset him with a blast.
 Our boat is now sail'd to the Stygian ferry,
 There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry :
 Charon in him will ferry souls to hell ;
 A trade, our || boat hath practis'd here so well :
 And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
 Both pitch and brimstone to fill up his flaws.
 Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
 We may place Boat in his old post again.
 The way is thus; and well deserves your thanks :
 Take the three strongest of his broken planks ;
 Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
 Form'd like the triple-tree near † Stephen's-green;
 And, when we view it thus with thief at end on't,
 We'll cry : look, here's our Boat, and there's the
 pendent.

§ A cant word for a jacobite. || In hanging people as a Judge.

† Where the Dublin gallows stands.

THE EPITAPH.

Here lies judge *Boat* within a coffin ;
 Pray, gentle-folks, forbear your scoffing.
 A *Boat* a judge ! yes ; where's the blunder ?
 A *wooden* judge is no such wonder.
 And in his robes you must agree,
 No *Boat* was better *deckt* than he.
 'Tis needless to describe him fuller,
 In short, he was an able * *sculler*.

V. 7, P. 47.

* *Query*, Whether the author meant scholar, and wilfully mistook.

THE TATLER. No. 81.

ON IMMORTALITY.

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,—
 Quique pii vates, & Phœbo digna locuti ;
 Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,
 Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

VIRG. Æn. vi. 660.

Here patriots live, who for their country's good,
 In fighting fields were prodigal of blood ;—
 Here poets worthy their inspiring god,
 And of unblemish'd life, make their abode :
 And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
 Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts :
 Those who to worth their bounty did extend ;
 And those who knew that bounty to commend.

DRYDEN.

THERE are two kinds of immortality ;
 that which the soul really enjoys after this
 life, and that imaginary existence by which men
 live in their fame and reputation. The best and
 greatest

greatest actions have proceeded from the prospect of the one or the other of these ; but my design is, to treat only of those who have chiefly proposed to themselves the latter, as the principal reward of their labours. It was for this reason that I excluded from my tables of fame all the great founders and votaries of religion ; and it is for this reason also, that I am more than ordinarily anxious to do justice to the persons of whom I am now going to speak ; for, since fame was the only end of all their enterprizes and studies, a man cannot be too scrupulous in allotting them their due proportion of it. It was this consideration which made me call the whole body of the learned to my assistance ; to many of whom I must own my obligations for the catalogues of illustrious persons, which they have sent me in upon this occasion. I yesterday employed the whole afternoon in comparing them with each other ; which made so strong an impression upon my imagination, that they broke my sleep for the first part of the following night, and at length threw me into a very agreeable vision, which I shall beg leave to describe in all its particulars.

I dreamt that I was conveyed into a wide and boundless plain, that was covered with prodigious multitudes of people, which no man could number. In the midst of it there stood a mountain, with its head above the clouds. The sides were extremely steep, and of such a particular structure,
that

that no creature which was not made in an human figure could possibly ascend it. On a sudden there was heard from the top of it a sound like that of a trumpet ; but so exceedingly sweet and harmonious, that it filled the hearts of those who heard it with raptures, and gave such high and delightful sensations, as seemed to animate and raise human nature above itself. This made me very much amazed to find so very few in that innumerable multitude who had ears fine enough to hear or relish this music with pleasure : but my wonder abated, when upon looking round me, I saw most of them attentive to three syrens, cloathed like goddesses, and distinguished by the names of Sloth, Ignorance, and Pleasure. They were seated on three rocks, amidst a beautiful variety of groves, meadows, and rivulets, that lay on the borders of the mountain. While the base and groveling multitude of different nations, ranks, and ages, were listening to these delusive deities ; those of a more erect aspect, and exalted spirit, seperated themselves from the rest, and marched in great bodies towards the mountain from whence they heard the sound, which still grew sweeter, the more they listened to it.

On a sudden methought this select band sprang forward, with a resolution to climb the ascent, and follow the call of that heavenly musick. Every one took something with him, that he thought might be of assistance to him in his march. Several had
their

their swords drawn ; some carried rolls of paper in their hands ; some had compasses ; others quadrants ; others telescopes ; and others pencils ; some had laurels on their heads ; and others buskins on their legs : in short, there was scarce any instrument of a mechanic art, or liberal science, which was not made use of on this occasion. My good dæmon, who stood at my right hand during the course of this whole vision, observing in me a burning desire to join that glorious company, told me, he highly approved that generous ardour with which I seemed transported ; but at the same time advised me to cover my face with a mask all the while I was to labour on the ascent. I took his counsel, without enquiring into his reasons. The whole body now broke into different parties, and began to climb the precipice by ten thousand different paths. Several got into little alleys, which did not reach far up the hill, before they ended, and led no farther ; and I observed, that most of the artizans, which considerably diminished our number, fell into these paths.

We left another considerable body of adventurers behind us, who thought they had discovered bye-ways up the hill, which proved so very intricate and perplexed, that, after having advanced in them a little, they were quite lost among the the several turns and windings ; and, though they were as active as any in their motions, they made but little progress in the ascent. These, as
guide

guide informed me, were men of subtle tempers and puzzled politics, who would supply the place of real wisdom with cunning and artifice. Among those who were far advanced in their way, there were some that by one false step fell backward, and lost more ground in a moment, than they had gained for many hours, or could be ever able to recover. We were now advanced very high, and observed, that all the different paths, which ran about the sides of the mountain, began to meet in two great roads; which insensibly gathered the whole multitude of travellers into two great bodies. At a little distance from the entrance of each road, there stood an hideous phantom, that opposed our further passage. One of these apparitions had his right hand filled with darts, which he brandished in the face of all who came up that way : crouds ran back at the appearance of it, and cried out, *Death*. The spectre that guarded the other road, was *Envy* : she was not armed with weapons of destruction, like the former ; but by dreadful hissings, noises of reproach, and a horrid distracted laughter, she appeared more frightful than *Death* itself, insomuch that abundance of our company were discouraged from passing any further, and some appeared ashamed of having come so far. As for myself, I must confess, my heart shrunk within me, at the sight of these ghastly appearances : but, on a sudden, the voice of the trumpet came more full upon us, so that we felt a new resolution

reviving in us ; and in proportion as this resolution grew, the terrors before us seemed to vanish. Most of the company, who had swords in their hands, marched on with great spirit, and an air of defiance, up the road that was commanded by Death ; while others, who had thought and contemplation in their looks, went forward in a more composed manner up the road possessed by Envy. The way above these apparitions grew smooth and uniform, and was so delightful, that the travellers went on with pleasure, and in a little time arrived at the top of the mountain. They here began to breathe a delicious kind of æther, and saw all the fields about them covered with a kind of purple light, that made them reflect with satisfaction on their past toils ; and diffused a secret joy through the whole assembly, which shewed itself in every look and feature. In the midst of these happy fields there stood a palace of a very glorious structure : it had four great folding-doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up, and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions ; a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons they were to introduce.

On a sudden, the trumpet, which had hitherto
founded

founded only a march, or point of war, now swelled all its notes in triumph and exultation : the whole fabrick shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward was a beautiful and blooming hero, and, as I heard by the murmurs round me, Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a crowd of historians. The person who immediately walked before him was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who, not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good Dæmon, that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive all that passed, without being seen myself. The next who entered was a charming virgin, leading in a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a harp, and on her head a garland. Alexander, who was very well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the nine sisters that attended on the Goddess of Fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Cæsar was now coming forward ; and though most of the historians offered their service
to

to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself.

The next who advanced was a man of an homely, but chearful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master Socrates; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher, with some rudeness, but great strength of reason, convinced the whole table, that a title to the fifth place was his due; and took it accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer brought in another, who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared, and took his place. He had inquired at the door for one Luceius to introduce him; but not finding him there, he contented himself with the attendance of many other writers, who all, except Sallust, appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the next worthy, who came in with a great retinue of his-

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torians,

torians, whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of Carthage. The person thus conducted, who was named Hannibal, seemed much disturbed, and could not forbear complaining to the board of the affronts he had met with among the Roman historians, who attempted, says he, to carry me into the subterraneous apartment; and perhaps would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this gentleman, pointing to Polybius, who was the only person, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.

The Carthaginian took his seat, and Pompey entered, with great dignity in his own person, and preceded by the several historians. Lucan the poet was at the head of them, who, observing Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him, that, whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it by coming in as one of the historians. Lucan was so exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself and was heard to say, that, since he could not have a seat among them himself, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole assembly: upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with such an air, that shewed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to Cæsar

was

was vacant, he took possession of it, and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of pre-
cedency, which, according to him, consisted not in place, but in intrinsic merit ; to which he added, that the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table. Socrates, who had a great spirit of raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at a virtue which took so little pains to make itself agreeable. Cicero took the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæsar answered him with a great deal of seeming temper ; but, as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, that in all the discourse which passed at the table, a word or nod from Homer decided the controversy.

After a short pause Augustus appeared, looking round him with a serene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who strove among themselves which of them should shew him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect. Virgil rose from the table to meet him ; and though he was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more such to the learned than the military worthies. The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance: he was slow, solemn, and silent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphicks. As he came into the middle

of the room, he threw up the skirt of it, and discovered a golded thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood ; and therefore desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes and worthies of dubious existence. At his going out, he told them, that they did not know whom they dismissed ; that he was now Pythagoras, the first of philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of Troy. That may be very true, said Socrates ; but you forget that you have likewise been a very great harlot in your time. This exclusion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of mathematical figures in his hand ; among which I observed a cone and a cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide, for variety, to lead me to the fabulous apartment, the roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimæras, and Centaurs, with many other emblematical figures, which I wanted both time and skill to unriddle. The first table was almost full : at the upper end sat Hercules leaning an arm upon his club ; on his right hand were Achilles and Ulysses, and between them Æneas ; on his left were Hector, Theseus, and Jason : the lower end had Orpheus, Æsop, Phalaris, and Musæus. The ushers seemed at a loss for a twelfth man, when, methought, to my great joy and surprise,
I heard

I heard some at the lower end of the table mention Isaac Bickerstaff : but those of the upper end received it with disdain ; and said, if they must have a British worthy, they would have Robin Hood.

v. 24, p. 283.

* ON ELOQUENCE AND GRACEFUL ACTION.

THE subject of the discourse this evening was eloquence and graceful action. Lyfander, who is something particular in his way of thinking and speaking, told us, a man could not be eloquent without action : for the deportment of the body, the turn of the eye, and an apt sound to every word that is uttered, must all conspire to make an accomplished speaker. Action in one that speaks in public, is the same thing as a good mien in ordinary life. Thus, as a certain insensibility in the countenance recommends a sentence of humour and jest, so it must be a very lively consciousness that gives grace to great sentiments. The jest is to be a thing unexpected ; therefore your undesigning manner is a beauty in expressions of mirth ; but when you are to talk on a set subject, the more you are moved yourself, the more you will move others.

There is, said he, a remarkable example of that kind. *Æschines*, a famous orator of antiquity, had pleaded at Athens in a great cause against *Demosthenes* ;

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* See the Tatler, No. 66.

mosthenes ; but having lost it, retired to Rhodes. Eloquence was then the quality most admired among men ; and the magistrates of that place having heard he had a copy of the speech of Demosthenes, desired him to repeat both their pleadings. After his own, he recited also the oration of his antagonist. The people expressed their admiration of both, but more of that of Demosthenes. If you are, said he, thus touched with hearing only what the great orator said, how would you have been affected had you seen him speak ? for he who hears Demosthenes only, loses much the better part of the oration. Certain it is, that they who speak gracefully are very lamely represented in having their speeches read or repeated by unskilful people ; for there is something native to each man, so inherent to his thoughts and sentiments, which it is hardly possible for another to give a true idea of. You may observe in common talk, when a sentence of any man's is repeated, an acquaintance of his shall immediately observe, " That is so like him, methinks I see " how he looked when he said it."

But of all the people on earth, there are none who puzzle me so much as the clergy of Great-Britain, who are, I believe, the most learned body of men now in the world ; and yet this art of speaking, with the proper ornaments of voice and gesture, is wholly neglected among them ; and I will engage, were a deaf man to behold the greater part
of

of them preach, he would rather think they were reading the contents only of some discourse they intended to make, than actually in the body of an oration, even when they are upon matters of such a nature, as one would believe it impossible to think of without emotion.

I own there are exceptions to this general observation, and that the Dean * we heard the other day together is an orator. He has so much regard to his congregation, that he commits to his memory what he is to say to them; and has so soft and graceful a behaviour, that it must attract your attention. His person, it is to be confessed, is no small recommendation; but he is to be highly commended for not losing that advantage; and adding to the propriety of speech, which might pass the criticism of Longinus, an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He has a peculiar force in his way, and has charmed many of his audience, who could not be intelligent hearers of his discourse, were there not explanation as well as grace in his action. This art of his is used with the most exact and honest skill: he never attempts your passions until he has convinced your reason. All the objections, which he can form, are laid open and dispersed before

* "When the amiable character of the Dean is acknowledged to be drawn for Dr. Atterbury, I hope I need say no more as to my impartiality." See Steele's preface to his fourth volume of *Tatlers*.

fore he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart; and never pretends to shew the beauty of holiness, until he hath convinced you of the truth of it*.

Would every one of our clergymen be thus careful to recommend truth and virtue in their proper figures, and shew so much concern for them as to give them all the additional force they were able; it is not possible that nonsense should have so many hearers you find it has in dissenting congregations, for no reason in the world, but because it is spoken extempore; for ordinary minds are wholly governed by their eyes and ears; and there
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* A short, but very excellent collection of letters to and from this admirable prelate may be seen in Mr. Pope's works. He was made bishop of Rochester in 1713, went into exile in June 1723; and died Feb. 15, 1732.—In Mr. Pope's letters to a lady, published by Mr. Doddsley, (which we quote with the more pleasure as they are not printed in the collection of his works), June 2, 1723, he says, "I am at present under the afflicting circumstance of taking my
"last leave of one of the truest friends I ever had, and one of the
"greatest men in all polite learning, as well as the most agreeable
"companion, this nation ever had." On this subject of friendship, he had thus written in a former letter: "I have ever believed
"this as a sacred maxim, that the most ingenious natures are the
"most sincere; and the most knowing and sensible minds made the
"best friends. Of all those that I have thought it the felicity of
"my life to know, I have ever found the most distinguished in
"capacity, the most distinguished in morality; and those the most
"to be depended on, whom one esteemed so much as to desire they
"should be so."

is no way to come at their hearts, but by power over their imaginations.

There is my friend and merry companion Daniel : he knows a great deal better than he speaks, and can form a proper discourse as well as any orthodox neighbour. But he knows very well, that to bawl out, My beloved ! and the words, grace ! regeneration ! sanctification ! a new light ! the day ! the day ! ay, my beloved, the day ! or rather the night ! the night is coming ! and judgement will come, when we least think of it ! and so forth—he knows, to be vehement, is the only way to come at his audience. Daniel, when he sees my friend Greenhat come in, can give him a good hint, and cry out, This is only for the saints ! the regenerated ! By this force of action, though mixed with all the incoherence and ribaldry imaginable, Daniel can laugh at his diocesan, and grow fat by voluntary subscription, while the parson of the parish goes to law for half his dues. Daniel will tell you, it is not the shepherd, but the sheep with the bell, which the flock follows.

Another thing, very wonderful this learned body should omit, is, learning to read ; which is the most necessary part of eloquence in one who is to serve at the altar : for there is no man but must be sensible, that the lazy tone, and inarticulate sound, of our common readers, depreciates the most proper form of words that were ever extant in any nation or language, to speak their
own

own wants, or his power from whom we ask relief.

There cannot be a greater instance of the power of action than in little parson Dapper, who is the common relief to all the lazy pulpits in town. This smart youth has a very good memory, a quick eye, and a clean handkerchief. Thus equipped, he opens his text, shuts his book fairly, shews he has no notes in his bible, opens both palms, and shews all is fair there too. Thus, with a decisive air, my young man goes on without hesitation ; and though from the beginning to the end of his pretty discourse, he has not used one proper gesture, yet at the conclusion the churchwarden pulls his gloves from off his hands ; “pray, “who is this extraordinary young man ?” Thus the force of action is such, that it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all the reason and argument in the world without it. This gentleman concluded his discourse by saying, I do not doubt but if our preachers would learn to speak, and our readers to read, within six months time we should not have a dissenter within a mile of a church in Great Britain.

v. 24, p. 272.

W A N T.

Nothing is so hard for those, who abound in riches, as to conceive how others can be in want. How can the neighbouring vicar feel cold or hunger, while my lord is seated by a good fire, in the warmest

warmest room of his palace, with a dozen dishes before him ? I remember one other prelate much of the same stamp, who, when his clergy would mention their wishes that some act of parliament might be thought of for the good of the church, would say : *Gentlemen, we are very well as we are; if they would let us alone, we should ask no more.*

v. 9, p. 222.

F A I T H.

Faith is an entire dependence upon the truth, the power, the justice, and the mercy of God ; which dependence will certainly incline us to obey him in all things. So that the great excellency of faith consists in the consequence it hath upon our actions : as, if we depend upon the truth and wisdom of a man, we shall certainly be more disposed to follow his advice. Therefore let no man think, that he can lead as good a moral life without faith, as with it ; for this reason, because he who has no faith, cannot, by the strength of his own reason or endeavours, so easily resist temptations, as the other who depends upon God's assistance in the overcoming of his frailties, and is sure to be rewarded for ever in heaven for his victory over them. Faith, says the apostle, is the evidence of things not seen : he means, that faith is a virtue, by which any thing commanded us by God to believe, appears evident and certain to us, although we do not see, nor can conceive it ;
because,

because, by faith we entirely depend upon the truth and power of God. Sermon on the Trinity, v. 11, p. 237.

WISDOM OF PRINCES.

Princes are born with no more advantages of strength or wisdom than other men; and, by an unhappy education, are usually more defective in both than thousands of their subjects. They depend for every necessary of life upon the meanest of the people: besides, obedience and subjection was never enjoined by God to humour the passions, lusts, and vanities of those who demand them from us: but we are commanded to obey our governors, because disobedience would breed seditions in the state. Thus servants are directed to obey their masters, children their parents, and wives their husbands; not from any respect of persons in God, but because otherwise there would be nothing but confusion in private families.

Sermon on Mutual Subjection, v. 11, p. 248.

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn door fill;
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neigh'ring pool;
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling shews the goose is poor.

But

But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare :
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground and upwards springs ;
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.

Such is the poet fresh in pay,
(The third night's profits of his play ;)
His morning draughts till noon can swill
Among his brethren of the quill :
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight ?
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note ?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road ;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth
To raise his lumber from the earth.

But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale ;
His two-years coat so smooth and bare,
Through ev'ry thread it lets in air ;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind ;

R

And,

And, like a jocky for a race,
His flesh brough down to flying case :
How his exalted spirit loaths
Incumbrances of food and cloaths ;
And up he rises, like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper ;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-street rings.

v. 6, p. 167.

O B E D I E N C E.

The prince cannot say to the merchant, I have no need of thee ; nor the merchant to the labourer, I have no need of thee. Nay, much more those members, which seem to be much more feeble, are necessary. For the poor are generally more necessary members of the commonwealth than the rich : which clearly shews, that God never intended such possessions for the sake and service of those, to whom he lends them ; but because he hath assigned every man his particular station to be useful in life, and this for the reason given by the apostle, “ that there may be no schism in the body.”

From hence may partly be gathered the nature of that subjection, which we all owe to one another. God Almighty hath been pleased to put us into an imperfect state, where we have perpetual occasion of each other's assistance. There is none so low, as not to be in a capacity of assisting the highest ;

highest; nor so high, as not to want the assistance of the lowest.

It plainly appears from what hath been said, that no human creature is more worthy than another in the sight of God, farther than according to the goodness or holiness of their lives; and that power, wealth, and the like outward advantages, are so far from being the marks of God's approving or preferring those, on whom they are bestowed, that, on the contrary, he is pleased to suffer them to be almost engrossed by those, who have least title to his favour. Now, according to this equality wherein God hath placed all mankind with relation to himself, you will observe, that in all the relations between man and man, there is a mutual dependence, whereby the one cannot subsist without the other. Thus, no man can be a prince without subjects, nor a master without servants, nor a father without children. Where there is a mutual dependence, there must be a mutual duty, and consequently a mutual subjection. For instance, the subject must obey his prince, because God commands it, human laws require it, and the safety of the public makes it necessary (for the same reasons we must obey all that are in authority, and submit ourselves not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward, whether they rule according to our liking or no). On the other side, in those countries that pretend to freedom, princes are subject to the those laws which their people have chosen; they

are bound to protect their subjects in liberty, property, and religion, to receive their petitions, and redress their grievances : so that the best prince is, in the opinion of wise men, only the greatest servant of the nation ; not only a servant to the public in general, but in some sort to every man in it. In the like manner a servant owes obedience and diligence, and faithfulness to his master, from whom, at the same time, he hath a just demand for protection, and maintenance, and gentle treatment. Nay even the poor beggar hath a just demand of alms from the rich man, who is guilty of fraud, injustice, and oppression, if he does not afford relief according to his abilities.

But this subjection we all owe one another is no where more necessary, than in the common conversations of life ; for without it there could be no society among men. If the learned would not sometimes submit to the ignorant, the wise to the simple, the gentle to the froward, the old to the weaknesses of the young, there would be nothing but everlasting variance in the world. This our Saviour himself confirmed by his own example ; for he appeared in the form of a servant, and washed his disciples feet, adding these memorable words. "Ye call me lord and master, and ye say well, for so I am. If I then your lord and master wash your feet, how much more ought ye to wash one anothers feet ?" Under which expression of washing the feet is included all that subjection, assistance, love,

love, and duty, which every good christian ought to pay his brother, in whatever station God hath placed him. For the greatest prince, and the meanest slave, are not by infinite degrees so distant, as our Saviour and those disciples whose feet he vouchsafed to wash.

And although this doctrine of subjecting ourselves to one another, may seem to grate upon the pride and vanity of mankind, and may therefore be hard to be digested by those, who value themselves upon their greatness or their wealth ; yet it is really no more than what most men practice upon other occasions, for if our neighbour, who is our inferior, comes to see us, we rise to receive him, we place him above us, and respect him as if he were better than ourselves; and this is thought both decent and necessary, and is usually called good manners. Now, the duty required by the apostle, is only that we should enlarge our minds, and that what we thus practice in the common course of life, we should imitate in all our actions and proceedings whatsoever; since our Saviour tells us, that every man is our neighbour, and since we are so ready in the point of civility to yield to others in our own houses, where only we have any title to govern.

Sermon on Mutual Subjection, v. 11, p. 249.

W I S D O M.

Wisdom, attended by virtue and a generous nature, is not unapt to be imposed on. Thus

Milton describes Uriel, "the sharpest sighted spirit in heaven, and regent of the sun," deceived by the dissimulation and flattery of the devil ; for which the poet gives a philosophical reason, but needless here to quote. Is any thing more common, or more useful, than to caution wise men in high stations against putting too much trust in undertaking servants, cringing flatterers, or designing friends ? Since the Asiatick custom of governing by prime ministers hath prevailed in so many courts of Europe, how careful should every prince be in the choice of the person on whom so great a trust is devolved, whereon depend the safety and welfare of himself and all his subjects ! Queen Elizabeth, whose administration is frequently quoted as the best pattern for English princes to follow, could not resist the artifices of the earl of Leicester, who, although universally allowed to be the most ambitious, insolent, and corrupt person of his age, was yet her greatest, and almost her only favourite (his religion, indeed, being partly puritan and partly infidel, might have better tallied with present times) ; yet this wise queen would never suffer the openest enemies of that overgrown lord to be sacrificed to his vengeance ; nor durst he charge them with a design of introducing popery or the Spanish pretender.

How many great families do we all know, whose masters have passed for persons of good abilities, during

during the whole course of their lives, and yet the greatest part of whose estates have sunk in the hands of their stewards and receivers ; their revenues paid them in scanty portions, at large discount, and treble interest, though they did not know it ; while the tenants were daily racked, and at the same time accused to their landlords of insolvency. Of this species are such managers, who, like honest Peter Waters, pretend to clear an estate, keep the owner penniless, and, after seven years, leave him five times more in debt, while they sink half a plum into their own pockets.

V. 24, p. 145.

NATIONAL DEBT.

When we offer to lament the heavy debts and poverty of the nation, it is pleasant to hear some men answer all that can be said, by crying up the power of England, the courage of England, the inexhaustible riches of England. I have heard a * man very sanguine upon this subject, with a good employment for life, and a hundred thousand pounds in the funds, bidding us take courage, and warranting, that all would go well. This is the style of men at ease, who lay heavy burthens upon others, which they would not touch with one of their fingers. I have known some people such ill computers, as to imagine the many millions in stocks and annuities are so much real wealth in the

nation ;

* The late Lord Halifax.

nation ; whereas every farthing of it is entirely lost to us, scattered in Holland, Germany, and Spain, and the landed men, who now pay the interest, must at last pay the principal.

v. 9, p. 145.

DOCTRINE OF THE TRINITY.

By the weakness and indiscretion of busy (or at best of well meaning) people, as well as by the malice of those who are enemies to all revealed religion, and are not content to possess their own infidelity in silence, without communicating it to the disturbance of mankind ; I say, by these means it must be confessed, that the doctrine of the Trinity hath suffered very much, and made christianity suffer along with it. For these two things must be granted : first, that men of wicked lives would be very glad there were no truth in christianity at all ; and secondly, if they can pick out any one single article, in the christian religion, which appears not agreeable to their own corrupted reason, or to the arguments of those bad people who follow the trade of seducing others, they presently conclude that the truth of the whole gospel must sink along with that one article. Which is just as wise as if a man should say, because he dislikes one law of his country, he will therefore observe no law at all ; and yet, that one law may be very reasonable in itself, although he does not allow it, or does not know the reason of the lawgivers.

Sermon on the Trinity, v. 11. p. 229.

DAPHNE.

D A P H N E.

DAPHNE knows, with equal ease,
How to vex and how to please ;
But, the folly of her sex
Makes her sole delight to vex.
Never woman more devis'd
Surer ways to be despis'd :
Paradoxes weakly wielding,
Always conquer'd, never yielding.
To dispute, her chief delight,
With not one opinion right :
Thick her arguments she lays on,
And with cavils combats reason :
Answers in decisive way,
Never hears what you can say :
Still her odd perverseness shows
Chiefly where she nothing knows.
And where she is most familiar,
Alway peevisher and sillier :
All her spirits in a flame
When she knows she's most to blame.

Send me hence ten thousand miles,
From a face that always smiles :
None could ever act that part,
But a Fury in her heart.
Ye who hate such inconstance,
To be easy keep your distance ;
Or in folly still befriend her,
But have no concern to mend her.

Lose not time to contradict her,
Nor endeavour to convict her.
Never take it in your thought,
That she'll own, or cure a fault.
Into contradiction warm her,
Then, perhaps, you may reform her :
Only take this rule along,
Always to advise her wrong ;
And reprove her when she's right ;
She may then grow wise for spight.

No—that scheme will ne'er succeed,
She has better learnt her creed :
She's too cunning, and too skilful,
When to yield, and when be wilful.
Nature holds her forth two mirrors.
One for truth, and one for errors :
That looks hideous, fierce, and frightful ;
This is flatt'ring and delightful :
That she throws away as foul :
Sits by this, to dress her soul.

Thus you have the case in view,
Daphne, 'twixt the Dean and you,
Heav'n forbid he should despise thee ;
But will never more advise thee.

V. 17, P. 57.

R E A S O N.

It would be well, if people would not lay so much weight on their own reason in matters of religion, as to think every thing impossible and absurd

furd which they cannot conceive. How often do we contradict the right rules of reason in the whole course of our lives ! Reason itself is true and just ; but the reason of every particular man is weak and wavering, perpetually swayed and turned by his interests, his passions, and his vices. Let any man but consider, when he hath a controversy with another, though his cause be ever so unjust, though the whole world be against him, how blinded he is by the love of himself to believe that right is wrong, and wrong is right, when it makes for his own advantage. Where is then the right use of his reason, which he so much boasts of, and which he would blasphemously set up to controul the commands of the Almighty.

Sermon on the Trinity, v. 2, p. 240.

OPINIONS IN RELIGION.

Men should consider, that raising difficulties concerning the mysteries in religion, cannot make them more wise, learned, or virtuous ; better neighbours, or friends, or more serviceable to their country ; but, whatever they pretend, will destroy their inward peace of mind by perpetual doubts and fears arising in their breasts. And God forbid we should ever see the times so bad, when dangerous opinions in religion will be a means to get favour and preferment ; although even, in such a case, it would be an ill traffic to gain the world, and lose our own souls. So that, upon the whole, it will be impossible to find any real use towards
the

the virtuous or happy life by denying the mysteries of the gospel.

Those strong unbelievers, who expect that all mysteries should be squared and fitted to their own reason, might have something to say for themselves, if they could satisfy the general reason of mankind in their opinions ; but herein they are miserably defective, absurd, and ridiculous ; they strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel : they can believe that the world was made by chance ; that God doth not concern himself with things below ; will neither punish vice, nor reward virtue ; that religion was invented by cunning men to keep the world in awe ; with many other opinions equally false and detestable, against the common light of nature, as well as reason ; against the universal sentiments of all civilized nations, and offensive to the ears even of a sober heathen.

Sermon on the Trinity, v. 12, p. 242.

W A R.

War is an attempt to take by violence from others a part of what they have, and we want. Every man, fully sensible of his own merit, and finding it not duly regarded by others, has a natural right to take from them all that he thinks due to himself ; and every creature, finding his own wants more than those of others, has the same right to take every thing its nature requires. Brutes are much more modest in their pretensions this way than men ; and mean men more than great

great ones. The higher one raises his pretensions this way, the more bustle he makes about them, and the more success he has, the greater hero. Thus greater souls, in proportion to their superior merit, claim a greater right to take every thing from meaner folks. This the true foundation of grandeur and heroism, and of the distinction of degrees among men. War therefore necessary, to establish subordination, and to found cities, kingdoms, &c. as also to purge bodies politic of gross humours. Wise princes find it necessary to have wars abroad, to keep peace at home. War, famine, and pestilence, the usual cures for corruptions in bodies politic. *History of Martin, v. 10 p. 301.*

INTRODUCTION OF INDIGENT FOREIGNERS into ENGLAND.

The maxim, "that people are the riches of a nation," hath been crudely understood by many writers and reasoners upon that subject. There are several ways by which people are brought into a country. Sometimes a nation is invaded and subdued; and the conquerors seize the lands, and make the natives their under-tenants or servants. Colonies have been always planted where the natives were driven out or destroyed, or the land uncultivated and waste. In those countries where the lord of the soil is master of the labour and liberty of his tenants, or of slaves bought by his money, mens riches are reckoned by the number of their vassals. And sometimes, in governments

newly instituted, where there are not people to till the ground, many laws have been made to encourage and allure numbers from the neighbouring countries. And, in all these cases, the new comers have either lands allotted them, or are slaves to the proprietors. But to invite helpless families, by thousands, into a kingdom inhabited like ours, without lands to give them, and where the laws will not allow that they should be part of the property as servants, is a wrong application of the maxim, and the same thing, in great, as infants dropped at the doors, which are only a burthen and charge to the parish. The true way of multiplying mankind to public advantage, in such a country as England, is to invite from abroad only able handicraftsmen and artificers, or such who bring over a sufficient share of property to secure them from want ; to enact and enforce sumptuary laws against luxury, and all excesses in cloathing, furniture, and the like ; to encourage matrimony, and reward, as the Romans did, those who have a certain number of children. Whether bringing over the Palatines were a mere consequence of this law for a general naturalization ; or whether, as many surmized, it had some other meaning ; it appeared manifestly, by the issue, that the public was a loser by every individual among them ; and that a kingdom can no more be the richer by such an importation, than a man can be fatter by a wen, which is unsightly and troublesome at best,
and

and intercepts that nourishment which would otherwise diffuse itself through the whole body.

History of the four last years of the Queen, v. 18. p. 153.

E P I G R A M S.

Written upon a Window in an Inn.

WE fly from luxury and wealth,
 To hardships, in pursuit of health;
 From gen'rous wines and costly fare,
 And doting in an easy chair;
 Pursue the goddess Health in vain,
 To find her in a country scene,
 And ev'ry where her footsteps trace,
 And see her marks in ev'ry face;
 And still her favourites we meet,
 Crouding the roads with naked feet.
 But oh! so faintly we pursue,
 We ne'er can have her full in view.

THE glass, by lovers nonsense blurr'd,
 Dims and obscures our sight:
 So when our passions love hath stirr'd,
 It darkens reason's light.

ANOTHER, where there was no writing before.
THANKS to my stars, I once can see
 A window here from scribbling free:
 Here no conceited coxcombs pass,
 To scratch their poultry drabs on glass;

Nor party-fool is calling names,
Or dealing crowns to George and James.

v. 17, p. 89.

FRAUDS AND CORRUPTIONS.

The frauds and corruptions in most arts and sciences, as law, physic, (I shall proceed no further) are usually much more plausibly defended than in that of politicks; whether it be, that, by a kind of fatality, the vindication of a corrupt minister is always left to the management of the meanest and most prostitute writers; or whether it be, that the effects of a wicked or unskilful administration are more public, visible, pernicious, and universal: whereas the mistakes in other sciences are often matters that affect only speculation; or at worst, the bad consequences fall upon few and private persons. A nation is quickly sensible of the misery it feels; and little comforted by knowing what account it turns to by the wealth, the power, the honours, conferred on those who sit at the helm, or the salaries paid to their pen-men; while the body of the people is sunk into poverty and despair. A Frenchman in his wooden shoes may, from the vanity of his nation, and the constitution of that government, conceive some imaginary pleasure in boasting the grandeur of his monarch, in the midst of his own slavery: but a freeborn Englishman, with all his loyalty, can find little satisfaction at a minister overgrown in wealth and power,

er,

er, from the lowest degree of want and contempt; when that power or wealth are drawn from the bowels and blood of the nation, for which every fellow-subject is a sufferer, except the great man himself, his family, and his pensioners. I mean such a minister (if there hath ever been such a one) whose whole management hath been a continued link of ignorance, blunders, and mistakes, in every article besides that of enriching and aggrandizing himself.

For these reasons, the faults of men who are most trusted in public business are, of all others, the most difficult to be defended. A man may be persuaded into a wrong opinion, wherein he hath small concern; but no oratory can have the power over a sober man against the conviction of his own senses: and therefore, as I take it, the money thrown away on such advocates might be more prudently spared, and kept in such a minister's own pocket, than lavished in hiring a corporation of pamphleteers to defend his conduct, and prove a kingdom to be flourishing in trade and wealth, which every particular subject (except those few already excepted) can lawfully swear, and by dear experience knows, to be a falsehood.

v. 24, p. 138.

THE PROGRESS OF MARRIAGE.

Æ TATIS SUÆ fifty-two,
A rich divine began to woo

S 3

A hand-

A handsome, young, imperious girl,
Nearly related to an Earl.
Her parents and her friends consent,
The couple to the temple went :
'They first invite the Cyprian queen ;
'Twas answer'd, she would not be seen :
The Graces next, and all the Muses
Were bid in form, but sent excuses.
Juno attended at the porch,
With farthing candle for a torch,
While mistress Iris held her train,
The faded bow distilling rain.
Then Hebe came, and took her place,
But shew'd no more than half her face.

Whate'er those dire forebodings meant,
In mirth the wedding-day was spent ;
The wedding-day, you take me right,
I promise nothing for the night.
The bridegroom drest, to make a figure
Assumes an artificial vigour ;
A flourish'd night-cap on, to grace
His ruddy, wrinkled, smiling face ;
Like the faint red upon a pippin,
Half wither'd by a winter's keeping.

And thus set out this happy pair,
The swain is rich, the nymph is fair ;
But, what I gladly would forget,
The swain is old, the nymph coquette.
Both from the goal together start ;
Scarce run a step before they part ;

No common ligament that binds
The various textures of their minds ;
Their thoughts and actions, hopes and fears,
Less corresponding than their years.
Her spouse desires his coffee soon,
She rises to her tea at noon.
While he goes out to cheapen books,
She at the glass consults her looks ;
While Betty's buzzing in her ear,
Lord, what a dress these parson's wear !
So odd a choice how could she make ?
Wish'd him a Col'nel for her sake.
Then, on her fingers ends, she counts,
Exact, to what his age amounts.
The Dean, she heard her uncle say,
Is sixty, if he be a day ;
His ruddy cheeks are no disguise ;
You see the crows' feet round his eyes.
At once she rambles to the shops,
To cheapen tea, and talk with fops ;
Or calls a council of her maids,
And tradesmen, to compare brocades.
Her weighty morning business o'er,
Sits down to dinner just at four ;
Minds nothing that is done or said,
Her ev'ning work so fills her head.
The Dean, who us'd to dine at one,
Is maukish, and his stomach gone ;
In thread-bare gown, would scarce a louse hold,
Looks like the chaplain of his household,

Beholds her from the chaplain's place
In French brocades and Flanders lace ;
He wonders what employs her brain,
But never asks, or asks in vain ;
His mind was full of other cares,
And, in the sneaking parson's airs,
Computes, that half a parish dues
Will hardly find his wife in shoes.

Can'st thou imagine, dull divine,
'Twill gain her love to make her fine ?
Hath she no other wants beside ?
You raise desire as well as pride,
Enticing coxcombs to adore,
And teach her to despise thee more.

If in her coach she'll condescend
To place him at the hinder end,
Her hood is hoist above his nose,
His odious gown would foil her cloaths,
And drops him at the church, to pray,
While she drives on to see the play.
He, like an orderly divine,
Comes home a quarter after nine,
And meets her hasting to the ball :
Her chairmen push him from the wall.
He enters in, and walks up stairs,
And calls the family to pray'rs ;
Then goes alone to take his rest
In bed, where he can spare her best.
At five the footmen make a din,
Her ladyship is just come in,


The masquerade began at two,
She stole away with much ado;
And shall be chid this afternoon
For leaving company so soon:
She'll say, and she may truly say't,
She can't abide to stay out late.

But now, though scarce a twelvemonth marry'd,
Poor lady Jane has thrice miscarry'd:
The cause alas, is quickly guest,
The town has whisper'd round the jest.
Think on some remedy in time,
You find his Rev'rence past his prime,
Already dwindled to a lath,
No other way but try the Bath.

For Venus, rising from the ocean,
Infus'd a strong prolifick potion,
That mixt with Achelöus spring,
The horned flood, as poets sing,
Who, with an English beauty smitten,
Ran under ground from Greece to Britain;
The genial virtue with him brought,
And gave the nymph a plenteous draught;
Then fled, and left his horn behind
For husbands past their youth to find:
The nymph, who still with passion burn'd,
Was to a boiling fountain turn'd,
Where childless wives croud ev'ry morn
To drink in Achelöus horn.
And here the father often gains
That title by another's pains.

Hither,

Hither, though much against the grain,
 The Dean has carry'd lady Jane.
 He, for a while, would not consent,
 But vow'd his money all was spent :
 His money spent ! a clownish reason !
 And must my lady slip her season ?
 The doctor with a double fee,
 Was brib'd to make the Dean agree.

Here all diversions of the place
 Are proper in my lady's case :
 With which she patiently complies,
 Merely because her friends advise ;
 His money and her time employs 
 In musick, raffling-rooms, and toys ;
 Or, in the Cross-bath, seeks an heir,
 Since others oft have found one there :
 Where, if the Dean by chance appears,
 It shames his cassock and his years.
 He keeps his distance in the gallery,
 'Till banish'd by some coxcomb's raillery ;
 For 'twould his character expose
 To bathe among the belles and beaux.



So I have seen, within a pen,
 Young ducklings foster'd by a hen ;
 But, when let out, they run and muddle,
 As instinct leads them, in a puddle :
 The sober hen not born to swim,
 With mournful note clucks round the brim.

The Dean, with all his best endeavour,
 Gets not an heir, but gets a fever.

A victim

A victim to the last essays
 Of vigour in declining days,
 He dies and leaves his mourning mate
 (What could he less?) his whole estate.

The widow goes through all her forms :
 New lovers now will come in swarms.
 Oh, may I see her soon dispensing
 Her favours to some broken ensign !
 Him let her marry, for his face,
 And only coat of tarnisht lace ;
 To turn her naked out of doors,
 And spend her jointure on his whores :
 But, for a parting present, leave her
 A rooted *** to last for ever.

v. 17, p. 83.

DIRECTIONS for making a BIRTH-DAY SONG.

Written in the Year 1729.

TO form a just and finish'd piece,
 Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
 Whose godships are in chief request,
 And fit your present subject best :
 And, should it be your hero's case,
 To have both male and female race,
 Your business must be to provide
 A score of goddesses beside.

Some call their monarchs sons of Saturn,
 For which they bring a modern pattern ;
 Because they might have heard of one,
 Who often long'd to eat his son :

But

But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.

Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove :
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant ;
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.

Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his fire ;
For Jove, as ev'ry school-boy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose :
And sure no christian poet breathing,
Would be more scrup'ious than a heathen ?
Or, if to blasphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.

Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s ;
Behold his glitt'ring faulchion mow
Whole squadrons at a single blow :
While Victory, with wings outspread,
Flies, like an eagle, o'er his head.
His milk-white steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches :
As Overton has drawn his fire,
Still seen o'er many an ale-house fire.
Then from his arms hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard bowls :
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And light'ning always in his eyes.

They

They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense.
The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your song.

Sweet poet, hir'd for birth-day rhymes,
To sing of wars chuse peaceful times.
What tho', for fifteen years and more,
Janus hath lock'd his temple door ;
Tho' not a coffee house we read in
Hath mention'd arms on this side Sweden,
Nor London Journals, nor the postmen,
Tho' fond of warlike lies as most men ;
Thou still with battles stuff thy head full :
For, must thy hero not be dreadful ?

Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqu'ror is become Apollo :
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mæcenas ;
But that he struts, and that he squints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For yours can shine both day and night.
The first, perhaps, may once an age
Inspire you with poetic rage ;
Your Phœbus royal, ev'ry day,
Not only can inspire, but pay.

Then make this new Apollo fit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
“ How from his altitude he stoops
“ To raise up Virtue when she droops ;

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“ On learning how his bounty flows,
“ And with what justice he bestows :
“ Fair Isis, and ye banks of Cam !
“ Be witness if I tell a sham.
“ What prodigies in arts we drain,
“ From both your streams, in G—’s reign.
“ As from the flow’ry bed of Nile,”—
But here’s enough to shew your style.
Broad inuendos, such as this,
If well applied, can hardly miss :
For, when you bring your songs in print,
He’ll get it read, and take the hint,
(It must be read before ’tis warbled,
The paper gilt and cover marbled) :
And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter.
And, as he hears his wit and sense
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains.
For patrons never pay so well,
As when they scarce have learn’d to spell.

Next call him Neptune : with his trident
He rules the sea ; you see him ride in’t ;
And, if provok’d, he soundly firsks his
Rebellious waves with rods, like Xerxes.
He would have seiz’d the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late ;
And in their very ports besiege ’em,
But that he would not disoblige ’em ;
And make the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.

And

'Tis not deny'd, that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white ;
And, when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before :
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in satiric wit.
But you some white-lead ink must get,
And write on paper black as jet ;
Your int'rest lies to learn the knack
Of whit'ning what before was black.

Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be apply'd directly wrong.
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal duncie with bays :
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd ?
Extol him for his gen'rous mind :
And, when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes :
For, princes love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not ;
I freely grant the thought is old :
Why, then your hero must be told,
In him such virtues lie inherent.
To qualify him God's vicegerent,

That, with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet, be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false, and partly true :
And, take it right, it means no more
Than G—e and W—m claim'd before.

Should some obscure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
When all your list of gods is out,
Presume to shew his mortal snout,
And as a deity intrude,
Because he had the world subdu'd ;
Oh, let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to tell his faults.

Of Gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest.

Now, birth-day bard, with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed.
First of the first, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the skies ;
The Graces, and their mistress Venus,
Must venture down to entertain us :
With bended knees, when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her !
Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam :
Six thousand years has liv'd the goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Besides, your songsters oft have shown
That she hath Graces of her own :

Three Graces by Lucina brought her,
 Just three, and ev'ry Grace a daughter.
 Here many a king his heart and crown
 Shall at their snowy feet lay down ;
 In royal robes, they come by dozens
 To court their English German cousins :
 Besides a pair of princely babies,
 That, five years hence, will both be Hebes.

Now see her seated in her throne
 With genuine lustre, all her own :
 Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
 Her splendor is but borrow'd light ;
 And only with her brother linkt
 Can shine, without him is extinct.
 But C——a shines the clearer
 With neither spouse nor brother near her ;
 And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
 Tho' G——e is gone a thousand miles.
 Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
 Attended by her heav'nly race ;
 And sees a son in ev'ry God,
 Unaw'd by Jove's all-shaking nod.

Now sing his little highness * * * *,
 Who struts like any king already :
 With so much beauty, shew me any maid
 That could resist this charming Ganymede ?
 Where majesty with sweetness vies,
 And, like his father, early wife.
 Then cut him out a world of work,
 To conquer Spain, and quell the Turk :

Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times, and halcyon days ;
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever—till the conflagration.

But, now it comes into my mind,
We left a little Duke behind ;
A Cupid in his shape and size,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the younker,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer :
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his commodore ;
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.

A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, gutt'ral, harsh, stiff names.
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswic are too rough :
Hesse-Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony :
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clicks to Caroline.
Hail ! queen of Britain, queen of rhymes !
Be sung ten hundred thousand times !
Too happy were the poets crew,
If their own happiness they knew :

Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet :
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand ;
In concord here for ever fix'd,
No jarring consonant betwixt.

May Caroline continue long
For ever fair and young !—in song.
What tho' the royal carcase must,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to dust ?
Those elements her name compose,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.

Tho' Caroline may fill your gaps,
Yet still you must consult your maps ;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel ;
And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic lion roar.
Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul :
Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon.
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been ;
For old acquaintance bring him in.

To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline ;
And, if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown ;
Or, whom you once sang up, sing down.

Reject with scorn that stupid notion,
To praise your hero for devotion ;
Nor entertain a thought so odd,
That princes should believe in God ;
But follow the securest rule,
And turn it all to ridicule :
'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour sport.
For, since they talkt with Doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark :
That sound divine the truth hath spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold, or meanings double.

Supposing now your song is done,
To mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune :
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better.
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

N. 17, p. 11.

HINTS

HINTS TOWARDS AN ESSAY ON CONVERSATION.

I HAVE observed few obvious subjects to have been so seldom, or at least so slightly, handled as this ; and indeed I know few so difficult to be treated as it ought, nor yet upon which there seemeth so much to be said.

Most things, pursued by men for the happiness of public or private life, our wit or folly have so refined, that they seldom subsist but in idea ; a true friend, a good marriage, a perfect form of government, with some others, require so many ingredients, so good in their several kinds, and so much niceness in mixing them, that for some thousands of years men have despaired of reducing their schemes to perfection : but, in conversation, it is or might be otherwise ; for here we are only to avoid a multitude of errors, which, although a matter of some difficulty, may be in every man's power, for want of which it remaineth as meer an idea as the other. Therefore it seemeth to me, that the truest way to understand conversation is, to know the faults and errors to which it is subject, and from thence every man to form maxims to himself whereby it may be regulated ; because it requireth few talents to which most men are not born, or at least may not acquire without any great genius or study. For nature hath left every man a capacity of being agreeable, though not of shining, in company ; and there are an hundred
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men sufficiently qualified for both, who, by a very few faults, that they might correct in half an hour, are not so much as tolerable.

I was prompted to write my thoughts upon this subject by meer indignation, to reflect that so useful and innocent a pleasure, so fitted to every period and condition of life, and so much in all men's power, should be so much neglected and abused.

And in this discourse it will be necessary to note those errors that are obvious, as well as others which are seldom observed ; since there are few so obvious or acknowledged, into which most men, some time or other, are not apt to run.

For instance : Nothing is more generally exploded than the folly of talking too much ; yet I rarely remember to have seen five people together where some one among them hath not been predominant in that kind, to the great constraint and disgust of all the rest. But, among such as deal in multitudes of words, none are comparable to the sober deliberate talker, who proceedeth with much thought and caution, maketh his preface, brancheth out into several digressions, findeth a hint that putteth him in mind of another story, which he promiseth to tell you when this is done ; cometh back regularly to his subject, cannot readily call to mind some person's name, holdeth his head, complaineth of his memory ; the whole company all this while in suspense ; at length says, it is no matter,

matter, and so goes on. And, to crown the business, it perhaps proveth at last a story the company hath heard fifty times before; or, at best, some insipid adventure of the relater.

Another general fault in conversation is, that of those who affect to talk of themselves: some, without any ceremony, will run over the history of their lives; will relate the annals of their diseases, with the several symptoms and circumstances of them; will enumerate the hardships and injustice they have suffered in court, in parliament, in love, or in law. Others are more dexterous, and with great art will lie on the watch to hook in their own praise: they will call a witness to remember, they always foretold what would happen in such a case, but none would believe them; they advised such a man from the beginning, and told him the consequences, just as they happened; but he would have his own way. Others make a vanity of telling their faults; they are the strangest men in the world; they cannot dissemble; they own it is a folly; they have lost abundance of advantages by it; but if you would give them the world, they cannot help it; there is something in their nature that abhors insincerity and constraint; with many other unsufferable topicks of the same altitude.

Of such mighty importance every man is to himself, and ready to think he is so to others; without once making this easy and obvious reflexion,

on, that his affairs can have no more weight with other men, than their's have with him ; and how little that is, he is sensible enough.

Where company hath met, I often have observed two persons discover, by some accident, that they were bred together at the same school or university ; after which the rest are condemned to silence, and to listen while these two are refreshing each other's memory with the arch tricks and passages of themselves and their comrades.

I know a great officer of the army, who will sit for some time with a supercilious and impatient silence, full of anger and contempt for those who are talking, at length of a sudden demand audience, decide the matter in a short dogmatical way ; then withdraw within himself again, and vouchsafe to talk no more, until his spirits circulate again to the same point.

There are some faults in conversation, which none are so subject to as the men of wit, no more so much as when they are with each other. If they have opened their mouths without endeavouring to say a witty thing, they think it is so many words lost : it is a torment to the hearers, as much as to themselves, to see them upon the rack for invention, and in perpetual constraint, with so little success. They must do something extraordinary in order to acquit themselves, and answer their character, else the standers-by may be disappointed, and be apt to think them only like the rest of

mortals. I have known two men of wit industriously brought together, in order to entertain the company, where they have made a very ridiculous figure, and provided all the mirth at their own expence.

I know a man of wit, who is never easy but where he can be allowed to dictate and preside; he neither expecteth to be informed or entertained but to display his own talents. His business is to be good company, and not good conversation; and therefore, he chuseth to frequent those who are content to listen, and profess themselves his admirers. And, indeed, the worst conversation I ever remember to have heard in my life, was that at Will's coffee-house, where the wits (as they were called) used formerly to assemble: that is to say, five or six men, who had writ plays, or at least prologues, or had share in a miscellany, came thither, and entertained one another with their trifling compositions, in so important an air, as if they had been the noble efforts of human nature, or that the fate of kingdoms depended on them; and they were usually attended with an humble audience of young students from the inns of courts, or the universities, who, at due distance, listened to these oracles, and returned home with great contempt for their law and philosophy; their heads filled with trash, under the name of politeness, criticism, and belles lettres.

By these means the poets, for many years past,

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were all over-run with pedantry. For, as I take it, the word is not properly used ; because pedantry is the too frequent or unseasonable obtruding our own knowledge in common discourse, and placing too great a value upon it ; by which definition, men of the court or the army may be as guilty of pedantry as a philosopher or a divine ; and it is the same vice in women, when they are over-copious upon the subject of their petticoats, or their fans, or their china. For which reason, although it be a piece of prudence, as well as good manners, to put men upon talking on subjects they are best versed in, yet that is a liberty a wise man could hardly take ; because, beside the imputation of pedantry, it is what he would never improve by.

This great town is usually provided with some player, mimick, or buffoon, who hath a general reception at the good tables ; familiar and domestic with persons of the first quality, and usually sent for at every meeting to divert the company ; against which I have no objection. You go there as to a farce or a puppet show ; your business is only to laugh in season, either out of inclination or civility, while this merry companion is acting his part. It is a business he hath undertaken, and we are to suppose he is paid for his day's work. I only quarrel, when in select and private meetings, where men of wit and learning are invited to pass an evening, this jester should be admitted to run
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over his circle of tricks, and make the whole company unfit for any other conversation, besides the indignity of confounding men's talents at so shameful a rate.

Raillery is the finest part of conversation; but, as it is our usual custom to counterfeit and adulterate whatever is too dear for us, so we have done with this, and turned it all into what is generally called repartee, or being smart; just as when an expensive fashion cometh up, those who are not able to reach it content themselves with some paltry imitation. It now passeth for raillery to run a man down in discourse, to put him out of countenance, and make him ridiculous, sometimes to expose the defects of his person or understanding; on all which occasions he is obliged not to be angry, to avoid the imputation of not being able to take a jest. It is admirable to observe one who is dextrous at this art, singling out a weak adversary, getting the laugh on his side, and then carrying all before him. The French, from whom we borrow the word, have a quite different idea of the thing, and so had we in the politer age of our fathers. Raillery was to say something that at first appeared a reproach or reflection, but by some turn of wit, unexpected and surprizing, ended always in a compliment, and to the advantage of the person it was addressed to. And surely one of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably

with we had rather left unsaid ; nor can there any thing be well more contrary to the ends for which people meet together, than to part unsatisfied with each other or themselves.

There are two faults in conversation, which appear very different, yet arise from the same root, and are equally blameable ; I mean an impatience to interrupt others, and the uneasiness of being interrupted ourselves. The two chief ends of conversation are to entertain and improve those we are among, or to receive those benefits ourselves ; which whoever will consider, cannot easily run into either of those errors ; because when any man speaketh in company, it is to be supposed he doth it for his hearer's sake, and not his own ; so that common discretion will teach us not to force their attention, if they are not willing to lend it ; nor, on the other side, to interrupt him who is in possession, because that is in the grossest manner to give the preference to our own good sense.

There are some people, whose goodmanners will not suffer them to interrupt you ; but, what is almost as bad, will discover abundance of impatience, and lye upon the watch until you have done, because they have started something in their own thoughts which they long to be delivered of. Mean time, they are so far from regarding what passies, that their imaginations are wholly turned upon what they have in reserve, for fear it should slip out of their memory ; and thus they confine
their

their invention, which might otherwise range over a hundred things full as good, and that might be much more naturally introduced.

There is a sort of rude familiarity, which some people, by practising among their intimates, have introduced into their general conversation, and would have it pass for innocent freedom or humour, which is a dangerous experiment in our northern climate, where all the little decorum and politeness we have are purely forced by art, and are so ready to lapse into barbarity. This, among the Romans, was the raillery of slaves, of which we have many instances in Plautus. It seemeth to have been introduced among us by Cromwell, who, by preferring the scum of the people, made it a court-entertainment, of which I have heard many particulars; and, considering all things were turned upside down, it was reasonable and judicious: although it was a piece of policy found out to ridicule a point of honour in the other extreme, when the smallest word misplaced among gentlemen, ended in a duel.

There are some men excellent at telling a story, and provided with a plentiful stock of them, which they can draw out upon occasion in all companies; and, considering how low conversation runs now among us, it is not altogether a contemptible talent; however, it is subject to two unavoidable defects; frequent repetition, and being soon exhausted; so that whoever valueth this gift in himself,

hath need of a good memory, and ought frequently to shift his company, that he may not discover the weakness of his fund ; for those who are thus endowed, have seldom any other revenue, but live upon the main stock.

Great speakers in public are seldom agreeable in private conversation, whether their faculty be natural, or acquired by practice and often venturing. Natural elocution, although it may seem a paradox, usually springeth from a barrenness of invention and of words, by which men who have only one stock of notions upon every subject, and one set of phrases to express them in, swim upon the superficies, and offer themselves on every occasion ; therefore, men of much learning, and who know the compass of a language, are generally the worst talkers on a sudden, until much practice hath inured and emboldened them, because they are confounded with plenty of matter, variety of notions, and of words, which they cannot readily chuse, but are perplexed and entangled by too great a choice ; which is no disadvantage in private conversation ; where, on the other side, the talent of haranguing is of all others most insupportable.

Nothing hath spoiled men more for conversation, than the character of being wits ; to support which, they never fail of encouraging a number of followers and admirers, who list themselves in their service, wherein they find their accounts

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on both sides, by pleasing their mutual vanity. This hath given the former such an air of superiority, and made the latter so pragmatical, that neither of them are well to be endured. I say nothing here of the itch of dispute and contradiction, telling of lies, or of those who are troubled with the disease called the wandering of the thoughts, that they are never present in mind at what passeth in discourse ; for whoever labours under any of these possessions, is as unfit for conversation as a mad man in Bedlam.

I think I have gone over most of the errors in conversation that have fallen under my notice or memory, except some that are merely personal, and others too gross to need exploding ; such as lewd or profane talk ; but I pretend only to treat the errors of conversation in general, and not the several subjects of discourse, which would be infinite. Thus we see how human nature is most debased, by the abuse of that faculty, which is held the great distinction between men and brutes ; and how little advantage we make of that which might be the greatest, the most lasting, and the most innocent, as well as useful pleasure of life : in default of which, we are forced to take up with those poor amusements of dress and visiting, or the more pernicious ones of play, drink, and vicious amours, whereby the nobility and gentry of both sexes are entirely corrupted both in body and mind, and have lost all notions of love, honour, friend-

friendship, generosity ; which, under the name of fopperies, have been for some time laughed out of doors.

This degeneracy of conversation, with the pernicious consequences thereof upon our humours and dispositions, hath been owing, among other causes, to the custom arisen, for some time past, of excluding women from any share in our society, further than in parties at play or dancing, or in the pursuit of an amour. I take the highest period of politeness in England (and it is of the same date in France) to have been the peaceful part of king Charles the first's reign ; and from what we read of those times, as well as from the accounts I have formerly met with from some who lived in that court, the methods then used for raising and cultivating conversation were altogether different from ours : several ladies, whom we find celebrated by the poets of that age, had assemblies at their houses, where persons of the best understanding, and of both sexes, met to pass the evenings in discoursing upon whatever agreeable subjects were occasionally started ; and although we are apt to ridicule the sublime platonick notions they had, or personated in love and friendship, I conceive their refinements were grounded upon reason, and that a little grain of romance is no ill ingredient to preserve and exalt the dignity of human nature, without which it is apt to degenerate into every thing that is sordid, vicious, and low. If there
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were no other use in the conversation of ladies, it is sufficient that it would lay a restraint upon those odious topicks of immodesty and indecencies, into which the rudeness of our northern genius is so apt to fall. And, therefore, it is observable in those sprightly gentlemen about the town, who are so very dexterous at entertaining a vizard mask in the park or the playhouse, that, in the company of ladies of virtue and honour, they are silent and disconcerted, and out of their element.

There are some people who think they sufficiently acquit themselves and entertain their company with the relating of facts of no consequence, nor at all out of the road of such common incidents as happen every day ; and this I have observed more frequently among the Scots than any other nation, who are very careful not to omit the minutest circumstances of time or place ; which kind of discourse, if it were not a little relieved by the uncouth terms and phrases, as well as accent and gesture, peculiar to that country, would be hardly tolerable. It is not a fault in company to talk much ; but to continue it long is certainly one ; for, if the majority of those who are got together be naturally silent or cautious, the conversation will flag, unless it be often renewed by one among them, who can start new subjects, provided he doth not dwell upon them, but leaveth room for answers and replies.

V. 13, P. 251.

O D E

ODE ON SCIENCE.

O H ! heav'nly born ! in deepest cells
If fairest Science ever dwells

Beneath the mossy cave ;

Indulge the verdure of the woods :

With azure beauty gild the floods,

And flow'ry carpets lave ;

For Melancholy ever reigns

Delighted in the sylvan scenes

With scientific light ;

While Dian, huntress of the vales,

Seeks lulling sounds and fanning gales,

Tho' rapt from mortal sight.

Yet, goddess, yet the way explore

With magic rites and heathen lore

Obstructed and depress'd :

'Till Wisdom give the sacred Nine,

Untaught, not uninspir'd, to shine,

By Reason's power redress'd.

When Solon and Lycurgus taught,

To moralize the human thought

Of mad opinion's maze,

To erring zeal they gave new laws,

Thy charms, O Liberty, the cause

That blends congenial rays.

Bid bright Astræa gild the morn,

Or bid a hundred suns be born,

To hecatomb the year ;

With-

THE BEAUTIES OF SWIFT.

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Without thy aid, in vain the poles :

In vain the Zodiac system rolls :

In vain the lunar sphere.

Come, fairest princess of the throng,

Bring sweet Philosophy along

In metaphysic dreams ;

While raptur'd bards no more behold

A vernal age of purer gold

In Heliconian streams.

Drive Thralldom with malignant hand,

To curse some other destin'd land

By Folly led astray :

Irene bear on azure wing ;

Energic let her soar, and sing

Thy universal sway.

So when Amphion bade the lyre

To more majestic sound aspire,

Behold the madding throng,

In wonder and oblivion drown'd,

To sculpture turn'd by magic sound,

And petrifying song.

v. 14, p. 237.

HINTS ON GOOD MANNERS.

GOOD Manners is the art of making every reasonable person in the company easy, and to be easy ourselves.

What passeth for good-manners in the world, generally produceth quite contrary effects.

Many persons of both sexes, whom I have known,

known, and who passed for well-bred in their own and the world's opinion, are the most troublesome in company to others and themselves.

Nothing is so great an instance of ill-manners as flattery. If you flatter all the company, you please none ; if you flatter only one or two, you affront the rest.

Flattery is the worst, and falsest way of shewing our esteem.

Where company meets, I am confident the few reasonable persons are every minute tempted to curse the man or woman among them, who endeavours to be most distinguished for their good manners.

A man of sense would rather fast till night, than dine at some tables, where the lady of the house is possessed with good-manners ; uneasiness, pressing to eat, teasing with civility ; less practised in England than Ireland.

Courts are the worst of all schools to teach good-manners.

A courtly bow, or gait, or dress, are no part of good manners. And therefore every man of good understanding is capable of being well-bred upon any occasion.

To speak in such a manner as may possibly offend any reasonable person in company, is the highest instance of ill manners.

Good-manners chiefly consist in action, not in words. Modesty and humility the chief ingredients.

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I have known the court of England under four reigns, the two last but for a short time; and, whatever good-manners or politeness I observed in any of them, was not of the court-growth, but imported. For a courtier by trade, as gentlemen ushers, bed-chamber women, maids of honour,

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Of good manners as to conversation.

Men of wit and good understanding, as well as breeding, are sometimes deceived, and give offence by conceiving a better opinion of those with whom they converse than they ought to do. Thus I have often known the most innocent raillery, and even of that kind which was meant for praise, to be mistaken for abuse and reflexion.

Of gibing and how gibers ought to suffer.

Of arguers, perpetual contradictors, long talkers, who are absent in company, interrupters, not listeners, loud laughers.

Of those men and women whose face is ever in a smile, talk ever with a smile, condole with a smile, &c.

Argument, as usually managed, is the worst sort of conversation; as it is generally in books the worst sort of reading.

Good conversation is not to be expected in much company, because few listen, and there is continual interruption. But good or ill manners are discovered, let the company be ever so large.

Perpetual aiming at wit, a very bad part of conversation. It is done to support a character : it generally fails : it is a sort of insult on the company, and a constraint upon the speaker.

For a man to talk in his own trade, or business, or faculty, is a great breach of ill manners. Divines, physicians, lawyers, soldiers, particularly poets, are frequently guilty of this weakness.

v. 16, p. 67.

OPPRESSION OF SQUIRES.

Every squire, almost to a man, is an oppressor of the clergy ; a racker of his tenants ; a jobber of all public works ; very proud ; and generally illiterate. Two neighbouring squires, although they be intimate friends, relations, or allies, if one of them want one hundred foot of the other's land contiguous to his own, which would make any building square, or his gardens uniform (without the least inconveniency to the other) he shall be absolutely refused ; (or as the utmost mark of friendship) shall be forced to pay for it twenty times more than the value. This they call, paying for your conveniency : which is directly contrary to the very letter of an antient heathen maxim in morality—That whatever benefit we can confer upon another, without injuring ourselves, we are bound to do it to a perfect stranger. The squires take the titles of great men, with as little ceremony, as Alexander or Cæsar. For instance the
great

great Conolly—the great Wesley—the great Damer.

A fellow, whose father was a butcher, desiring a lawyer to be a referee in some little brangle between him and his neighbour, complained that the lawyer excused himself in the following manner:—Sir, I am your most humble servant; but dare not venture to interfere in the quarrels of you great men.—Which I take to be just of a piece with Harlequin's swearing upon his honour. Jealousies, quarrels, and other ruptures, are as frequent between neighbouring squires, and from the same motives: the former brangling about their meads and bounds, as the others do about their frontiers. The detestable tyranny and oppression of landlords are visible in every part of the kingdom.

v. 21, p. 303.

DEAN SWIFT AT SIR ARTHUR ACHESON'S, IN
THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

THE Dean would visit Market-hill,
Our invitation was but slight;
I said,—why let him if he will,
And so I bid Sir Arthur write.

His manners would not let him wait,
Lest we should think ourselves neglected;
And so we saw him at our gate
Three days before he was expected.

After a week, a month, a quarter,
And day succeeding after day,
Says not a word of his departure,
Though not a soul would have him stay.

I've said enough to make him blush,
Methinks, or else the devil's in't ;
But, he cares not for it a rush,
Nor, for my life, will take the hint.

But you, my dear, may let him know,
In civil language, if he stays,
How deep and foul the roads may grow,
And that he may command the chaise.

Or you may say—My wife intends,
Tho' I should be exceeding proud,
This winter to invite some friends,
And, Sir, I know, you hate a crowd.

Or, Mr. Dean—I should with joy
Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to Aghnacloy *,
Or Mr. Moore will take it ill.

The house accounts are daily rising,
So much his stay doth swell the bills ;
My dearest life, it is surprising,
How much he eats, how much he swills.

His brace of puppies how they stuff,
And they must have three meals a day,
Yet never think they get enough ;
His horses too eat all our hay.

* The seat of Acheson Moore, esq.

Oh ! if I could, how I would maul
 His tallow face, and wainscot paws,
 His beetle brows, and eyes of wall,
 And make him soon give up the cause.

Must I be ev'ry moment chid
 With † skinny bonia, snip, and lean ?
 Oh ! that I could but once be rid
 Of this insulting tyrant Dean !

v. 14, p. 292.

† The Dean used to call lady Acheson by those names.

UNLIMITED POWER.

It is very natural for every king to desire unlimited power ; it is as proper an object to their appetites as a wench to an abandoned young fellow, or wine to a drunkard. But what puzzles me is, to know how a man of birth, title, and fortune can find his account in making himself and his posterity slaves. They are paid for it ; the court will restore what their luxury hath destroyed ; I have nothing to object. But let me suppose a chief minister, from a scanty fortune, almost eaten up with debts, acquiring by all methods a monstrous overgrown estate, why he will still go on to endeavour making his master absolute, and thereby in the power of seizing all his possessions at his pleasure, and hanging or banishing him into the bargain. Therefore, if I were such a minister, I would act like a prudent gamester, and cut, as the

sharper calls it, before luck began to change. What if such a minister, when he had got two or three millions, would pretend conviction, seem to dread attempts upon liberty, and bring over all his forces to the contrary side ? As to the lust of absolute power, I despair it can never be cooled, unless princes had capacity to read the history of the Roman emperors, how many of them were murdered by their own army ; and the same may be said of the Ottomans by their janissaries ; and many other examples are easy to be found. If I were such a minister, I would go farther, and endeavour to be king myself. Such feats have happened among the petty tyrants of old Greece, and the worst that happened was only their being murdered for their pains.

V. 21, p. 267.

TO LORD HARLEY, since EARL of OXFORD, on
his MARRIAGE.

Written in the Year 1713.

A M O N G the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley, gen'rous youth, admit
What friendship dictates more than wit.

Forgive me, when I fondly thought
(By frequent observations taught)
A spirit so inform'd as yours
Could never prosper in amours.

The

The God of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquir'd and nat'ral parts,
Whose harp could savage beasts enchant,
With an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The nymph had soon been brought to yield :
Or, had embroider'd Mars pursu'd,
The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thousand footsteps full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew.
For such is all the sex's flight,
They fly from learning, wit, and light :
They fly, and none can overtake,
But some gay coxcomb, or a rake.

How then, dear Harley, could I guess
That you should meet, in love, success ?
For, if those antient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you :
Yet Daphne never slack'd her pace,
For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
And, since the same resemblance held
In gifts, wherein you both excell'd,
I fancy'd ev'ry nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's son.

Then where, said-I, shall Harley find
A virgin of superior mind,
With wit and virtue to discover,
And pay the merit of her lover ?

This character, shall Ca'ndish claim,
Born to retrieve her sex's fame,

The chief among that glitt'ring crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud.
(As fools are insolent and vain),
Madly aspir'd to wear her chain :
But Pallas, guardian of the maid,
Descending to her charge's aid,
Held out Medusa's snaky locks,
Which stupify'd them all to stocks.
The nymph, with indignation, view'd
The dull, the noisy, and the lewd :
For Pallas, with celestial light,
Had purify'd her mortal sight ;
Shew'd her the virtues all combin'd,
Fresh blooming, in young Harley's mind.

Terrestrial nymphs, by formal arts,
Display their various nets for hearts :
Their looks are all by method set,
When to be prude, and when coquette ;
Yet, wanting skill and pow'r to chuse,
Their only pride is to refuse.

But when a goddess would bestow
Her love on some bright youth below,
Round all the earth she casts her eyes ;
And then, descending from the skies,
Makes choice of him she fancies best,
And bids the ravish'd youth be blest'd.

Thus the bright Empress of the Morn
Chose, for her spouse, a mortal born :
The goddess made advances first,
Else what aspiring hero durst ?

Tho',

Tho', like a virgin of fifteen,
She blushes when by mortals seen ;
Still blushes, and with speed retires,
When Sol pursues her with his fires.

Diana thus, Heav'n's chafest queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the shepherd own'd her flame.

Thus Ca'ndish, as Aurora bright,
And chaster than the Queen of Night,
Descended from her sphere to find
A mortal of superior kind.

V. 17, p. 7.

RULES THAT CONCERN ALL SERVANTS IN GENERAL.

IT often happens, that servants sent on messages, are apt to stay out somewhat longer than the message requires, perhaps two, four, six, or eight hours, or some such trifle ; for the temptation to be sure was great, and flesh and blood cannot always resist : when you return, the master storms, the lady scolds ; stripping, cudgelling, and turning off is the word. But here you ought to be provided with a set of excuses, enough to serve on all occasions : for instance, your uncle came fourscore miles to town this morning on purpose to see you, and goes back by break of day tomorrow : a brother servant, that borrowed money of you when he was out of place, was running away

way to Ireland : you were taking leave of an old fellow servant, who was shipping for Barbadoes : your father sent a cow to you to sell, and you could not get a chappan till nine at night : you were taking leave of a dear cousin, who is to be hanged next Saturday : you wrenched your foot against a stone, and were forced to stay three hours in a shop, before you could stir a step : some nastiness was thrown out of a garret-window, and you were ashamed to come home before you were cleaned, and the smell went off : you were pressed for the sea-service, and carried before a justice of peace, who kept you three hours before he examined you, and you got off with much a-do : a bailiff by mistake seized you for a debtor, and kept you the whole evening in a spunging-house : you were told your master had gone to a tavern, and came to some mischance, and your grief was so great that you enquired for his honour in a hundred taverns between Pall-mall and Temple-bar.

Masters and ladies are usually quarrelling with the servants for not shutting the doors after them : for neither masters nor ladies consider, that those doors must be opened before they can be shut, and that the labour is double to open and shut the doors ; therefore the best, the shortest, and easiest way is to do neither. But if you are so often teased to shut the door, that you cannot easily forget it ; then give the door such a clap as you go out, as will shake the whole room, and make every thing
rattle

rattle in it, to put your master and lady in mind that you observe their directions.

Write your own name, and your sweetheart's with the smock of a candle, on the roof of the kitchen, or the servants hall, to shew your learning.

If you are a young sightly fellow, whenever you whisper your mistress at the table, run your nose full in her cheek ; or, if your breath be good, breathe full in her face ; this I have known to have had very good consequences in some families.

Never come till you have been called three or four times ; for none but dogs will come at the first whistle : and when the master calls, Who's there ? no servant is bound to come ; for Who's there, is no body's name.

I could never endure to see maid servants so ungenteel as to walk the streets with their petticoats pinned up ; it is a foolish excuse to alledge, their petticoats will be dirty, when they have so easy a remedy as to walk three or four times down a clean pair of stairs after they come home.

When you stop to tattle with some crony servant in the same street, leave your own street-door open, that you may get in without knocking when you come back ; otherwise your mistress may know you are gone out, and you may be chidden.

If you are sent with ready money to buy any thing at a shop, and happen at that time to be out
of

of pocket, sink the money, and take up the goods on your master's account. This is for the honour of your master and yourself; for he becomes a man of credit at your recommendation.

If your master or lady happen once in their lives to accuse you wrongfully, you are a happy servant; for you have nothing more to do, than for every fault you commit while you are in their service to put them in mind of that false accusation, and protest yourself equally innocent in the present case.

The servants candlesticks are generally broken, for nothing can last for ever. But you may find out many expedients; you may conveniently stick your candle in a bottle, or with a lump of butter against the wainscot, in a powder horn, or in an old shoe, or in a cleft stick, or in the barrel of a pistol, or upon its own grease on a table, in a coffee cup, or a drinking glass, a horn can, a tea-pot, a twisted napkin, a mustard pot, an inkhorn, a marrowbone, a piece of dough, or you may cut a hole in the loaf, and stick it there.

When you invite the neighbouring servants to junket with you at home in an evening, teach them a peculiar way of tapping or scraping at the kitchen window, which you may hear, but not your master or lady, whom you must take care not to disturb or frighten at such unseasonable hours.

When you want proper instruments for any
work

work you are about, use all expedients you can invent, rather than leave your work undone. For instance, if the poker be out of the way, or broken, stir the fire with the tongs; if the tongs be not at hand, use the muzzle of the bellows, the wrong end of the fire shovel, the handle of the fire brush, the end of a mop, or your master's cane. If you want a paper to singe a fowl, tear the first book you see about the house. Wipe your shoes, for want of a clout, with the bottom of a curtain, or a damask napkin. Strip your livery lace for garters. If the butler wants a jordan, he may use the great silver cup.

There are several ways of putting out candles, and you ought to be instructed in them all: you may run the candle end against the wainscot, which puts the snuff out immediately: you may lay it on the ground, and tread the snuff out with your foot: you may hold it upside down, until it is choaked with its own grease, or cram it into the socket of the candlestick: you may whirl it round in your hand till it goes out: when you go to bed, after you have made water, you may dip the candle end into the chamber pot: you may spit on your finger and thumb, and pinch the snuff till it goes out. The cook may run the candle's nose into the meal tub, or the groom into a vessel of oats, or a lock of hay, or a heap of litter: the house-maid may put out her candle by running it against a looking glass, which nothing cleans so

well as candle-snuff: but the quickest and best of all methods is, to blow it out with your breath, which leaves the candle clear, and readier to be lighted.

There is nothing so pernicious in a family as a tell-tale, against whom it must be the principal business of you all to unite: whatever office he serves in, take all opportunities to spoil the business he is about, and to cross him in every thing. For instance, if the butler be a tell-tale, break his glasses whenever he leaves the pantry-door open; or lock the cat or the mastiff in it, who will do as well: mislay a fork or a spoon so as he may never find it. If it be the cook, whenever she turns her back, throw a lump of foot, or a handful of salt in the pot, or smoaking coals into the dripping-pan, or daub the roast-meat with the back of the chimney, or hide the key of the jack. If a footman be suspected, let the cook daub the back of his new livery; or when he is going up with a dish of soup, let her follow him softly with a ladle-full, and dribble it all the way up stairs to the dining-room, and then let the house-maid make such a noise, that her lady may hear it. The waiting-maid is very likely to be guilty of this fault in hopes to ingratiate herself: in this case the laundress must be sure to tear her smocks in the washing, and yet wash them but half; and, when she complains, tell all the house that she sweats so much, and her flesh is so nasty, that she
fouls

fouls a smock more in one hour, than the kitchen-maid doth in a week.

Directions to the Butler.

In waiting at the side-board, take all possible care to save your own trouble, and your master's drinking-glasses : therefore, first, since those who dine at the same table are supposed to be friends, let them all drink out of the same glass without washing, which will save you much pains, as well as the hazard of breaking them. Give no person any liquor until he hath called for it thrice at least ; by which means, some out of modesty, and others out of forgetfulness, will call the seldomer, and thus your master's liquor be saved.

If any one desires a glass of bottled ale, first shake the bottle, to see whether any thing be in it ; then taste it, to see what liquor it is, that you may not be mistaken ; and, lastly, wipe the mouth of the bottle with the palm of your hand to shew your cleanliness.

If an humble companion, a chaplain, a tutor, or a dependent cousin happens to be at table, whom you find to be little regarded by the master, and the company, which nobody is readier to discover and observe than the servants, it must be the business of you and the footman, to follow the example of your betters, by treating him many degrees worse than any of the rest, and you cannot please your master better, or at least your lady.

There is nothing wherein the skill of a butler more appears, than in the management of candles, whereof, although some part may fall to the share of the other servants, yet you being the principal person concerned, I shall direct my instructions upon this article to you only, leaving to your fellow-servants to apply them upon occasion.

First, to avoid burning day-light, and to save your master's candles, never bring them up till half an hour after it be dark, although they are called for never so often.

Let your sockets be full of grease to the brim, with the old snuff at the top, and then stick on your fresh candles. It is true, this may endanger their falling, but the candles will appear so much the longer and handsomer before company. At other times, for variety, put your candles loose in the sockets, to shew they are clean to the bottom.

When your candle is too big for the socket, melt it to a right size in the fire; and to hide the smoke, wrap it in paper half way up.

You cannot but observe of late years the great extravagance among the gentry, upon the article of candles, which a good butler ought by all means to discourage, both to save his own pains and his master's money: this may be contrived several ways, especially when you are ordered to put candles into the sconces.

Sconces are great wasters of candles, and you,
who

who are always to consider the advantage of your master, should do your utmost to encourage them : therefore your business must be to press the candle with both your hands into the socket, so as to make it lean in such a manner, that the grease may drop all upon the floor, if some lady's head-dress or gentleman's perriwig be not ready to intercept it : you may likewise stick the candle so loose, that it will fall upon the glass of the sconce, and break it into shatters ; this will save your master many a fair penny in the year, both in candles and to the glass-man, and yourself much labour ; for the sconces spoiled cannot be used.

Never let the candles burn too low, but give them, as a lawful perquisite, to your friend the cook, to increase her kitchen-stuff ; or, if this be not allowed in your house, give them in charity to the poor neighbours, who often run on your errands.

When any salt is spilt on the table, do not let it be lost, but when dinner is done, fold up the table cloth with the salt in it, then shake the salt out into the salt cellar to serve next day : but the shortest and surest way is, when you remove the cloth, to wrap the knives, forks, spoons, salt cellars, broken bread, and scraps of meat altogether in the table-cloth, by which you will be sure to lose nothing, unless you think it better to shake them out of the window amongst the beggars,

that they may with more convenience eat the scraps.

When a gentleman is going away after dining with your master, be sure to stand full in view, and follow him to the door, and as you have an opportunity look full in his face, perhaps it may bring you a shilling ; but if the gentleman hath lain there a night, get the cook, the housemaid, the stable-men, the scullion, and the gardener, to accompany you, and to stand in his way to the hall in a line on each side of him : if the gentleman performs handsomely, it will do him honour, and cost your master nothing.

You need not wipe your knife to cut bread with for the table, in cutting a slice or two it will wipe itself.

If any gentleman dines often with your master, and gives you nothing when he goes away, you may use several methods to shew him some marks of your displeasure, and quicken his memory : if he calls for bread or drink, you may pretend not to hear, or send it to another who called after him : if he asks for wine, let him stay a while, and then send him small-beer ; give him always foul glasses ; send him a spoon when he wants a knife ; wink at the footman to leave him without a plate : by these, and the like expediments, you may probably be a better man by half a crown before he leaves the house, provided you watch an opportunity of standing, when he is going.

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When you prepare your candles, wrap them up in a piece of brown paper, and so stick them into the socket : let the paper come half way up the candle, which looks handsome, if any body should come in.

Directions to the Cook.

Never send up a leg of a fowl at supper, while there is a cat or dog in the house, that can be accused for running away with it : but if there happen to be neither, you must lay it upon the rats, or a strange greyhound.

It is ill housewifery to foul your kitchen rubber with wiping the bottoms of the dishes you send up, since the table-cloth will do as well, and is changed every meal.

If you are employed in marketing, buy your meat as cheap as you can, but when you bring in your accounts, be tender of your master's honour, and set down the highest rate ; which besides is but justice, for nobody can afford to sell all at the same rate that he buys, and I am confident that you may charge safely ; swear that you give no more than what the butcher or poulterer asked. If your lady orders you to set up a piece of meat for supper, you are not to understand that you must set it up all, therefore you may give half to yourself and the butler.

If you are employed in market, do not accept a treat of a beef-stake and a pot of ale from the butcher, which I think in conscience is no better
than

than wronging your master ; but do you always take that perquisite in money if you do not go in trust, or in poundage when you pay the bills.

The kitchen bellows being usually out of order with stirring the fire with the muzzle to save the tongs and poker, borrow the bellows out of your lady's bedchamber, which being least used, are commonly the best in the house ; and if you happen to damage or grease them, you have a chance to have them left entirely for your own use.

If your mistress allows you the kitchen stuff, in return of her generosity take care to boil and roast your meat sufficiently. If she keeps it for her own profit, do her justice, and, rather than let a good fire be wanting, enliven it now and then with the dripping, and the butter that happens to turn to oil.

Get three or four chair-woman to attend you constantly in the kitchen, whom you pay at small charges, only with the broken meat, a few coals, and all the cinders.

To keep troublesome servants out of the kitchen, always leave the winder sticking on the jack to fall on their heads.

If a lump of foot falls in the soup, and you cannot conveniently get it out, stir it well, and it will give the soup a high French taste.

You are to look upon the kitchen as your dressing

ing room ; but you are not to wash your hands till you have gone to the necessary-house, and spitted your meat, trussed your fowl, picked your fallad, nor indeed till after you have sent up your second course : for your hands will be ten times fouler with the many things you are forced to handle ; but when your work is over, one washing will serve for all.

There is but one part of your dressing that I would admit while the victuals are boiling, roasting, or stewing ; I mean the combing your head, which loseth no time, because you stand over your cookery, and watch it with one hand, while you are using the comb with the other.

If any of the combings happen to be sent up with the victuals, you may safely lay the fault upon any of the footmen that hath vexed you : as those gentlemen are sometimes apt to be malicious, if you refuse them a sop in the pan, or a slice from the spit, much more when you discharge a ladleful of hot porridge on their legs, or send them up to their master with a dish-clout pinned at their tails.

In roasting and boiling, order the kitchen maid to bring none but the large coals, and save the small ones for the fire above stairs ; the first are properest for dressing meat ; and when they are out, if you happen to miscarry in any dish, you may fairly lay the fault upon the coals ; besides the cinder pickers will be sure to speak ill of your master's

master's house-keeping, where they do not find plenty of large cinders mixt with fresh large coals: thus you may dress your meat with credit, do an act of charity, raise the honour of your master, and sometimes get share of a pot of ale for your bounty to the cinder-woman.

Lump three or four pounds of butter together with your hand, then dash it against the wall just over the dresser, so as to have it ready to pull to pieces as you have occasion for it.

If you have a silver sauce-pan for the kitchen use, let me advise you to batter it well, and keep it always black; this will be for your master's honour, for it shews there has been constant good house-keeping: and make room for the same sauce-pan by wriggling it on the coals, &c.

In the same manner, if you are allowed a large silver spoon for the kitchen, let half the bole of it be worn out with continual scraping and stirring, and often say merrily, This spoon owes my master no service.

When you send up a mess of broth, water-gruel, or the like, to your master in a morning, do not forget with your thumb and two fingers to put salt on the side of the plate; for if you make use of a spoon, or the end of a knife, there may be danger that the salt would fall, and that would be a sign of ill luck. Only remember to lick your thumb and fingers clean, before you offer to touch the salt.

Dirce-

Directions to the Footman.

Your employment, being of a mixt nature, extends to a great variety of business, and you stand in a fair way of being the favourite of your master or mistress, or of the young masters and misses; you are the fine gentleman of the family, with whom all the maids are in love. You are sometimes a pattern of dress to your master, and sometimes he is so to you. You wait at table in all companies, and consequently have the opportunity to see and know the world, and to understand men and manners: I confess your vails are but few, unless you are sent with a present, or attend the tea in the country; but you are called Mr. in the neighbourhood, and sometimes pick up a fortune, perhaps your master's daughter; and I have known many of your tribe to have good commands in the army. In town you have a seat reserved for you in the playhouse, where you have an opportunity of becoming wits and critics: you have no professed enemy, except the rabble and my lady's waiting-woman, who are sometimes apt to call you skip-kennel. I have a true veneration for your office, because I had once the honour to be one of your order, which I foolishly left, by demeaning myself with accepting an employment in the custom-house. But that you, my brethren, may come to better fortunes, I shall here deliver my instructions, which have been the fruits of much

much thought and observation, as well as of seven years experience.

In order to learn the secrets of other families, tell them those of your master's; thus you will grow a favourite both at home and abroad, and be regarded as a person of importance.

There is a great controversy about the most convenient and genteel way of holding your plate at meals; some stick it between the frame and the back of the chair, which is an excellent expedient, when the make of the chair will allow it: others, for fear the plate should fall, grasp it so firmly, that their thumb reacheth to the middle of the hollow; which, however, if your thumb be dry, is no secure method; and therefore, in that case, I advise your wetting the ball of it with your tongue. As to that absurd practice of letting the back of the plate lye leaning on the hollow of your hand, which some ladies recommend, it is universally exploded, being liable to so many accidents. Others again are so refined, that they hold their plate directly under the left arm-pit, which is the best situation for keeping it warm; but this may be dangerous in the article of taking away a dish, where your plate may happen to fall on some of the company's heads. I confess myself to have objected against all these ways, which I have frequently tried; and therefore I recommend a fourth, which is to stick your plate, up to
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the rim inclusive, in the left side between your waistcoat and your shirt : this will keep it at least as warm as under your arm-pit, or ockfler (as the Scots call it) ; this will hide it, so as strangers may take you for a better servant, too good to hold a plate ; this will secure it from falling ; d, thus disposed, it lies ready for you to whip out in a moment ready warmed, to any guest within your reach, who may want it. And lastly, there is another convenience in this method, that if, any time during your waiting, you find yourself going to cough or sneeze, you can immediately snatch out the plate, and hold the hollow part close to your nose or mouth, and thus prevent spirting any moisture from either, upon the dishes or the ladies head-dress : you see gentlemen and ladies observe a like practice on such an occasion, with a hat or handkerchief ; yet a plate is less soiled and sooner cleaned than either of these ; for when your cough or sneeze is over, it is but returning your plate to the same position, and your shirt will clean it in the passage.

Take off the largest dishes and set them on with one hand, to shew the ladies your vigour and strength of back ; but always do it between two ladies, that, if the dish happens to slip, the soup or sauce may fall on their clothes, and not daub the floor : by this practice, two of our brethren, my worthy friends, got considerable fortunes.

When you are sent on a message, deliver it in

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your own words, although it be to a duke or duchess, and not in the words of your master or lady ; for how can they understand what belongs to a message as well as you, who have been bred to the employment ? But never deliver the answer till it is called for, and then adorn it with your own style.

You are the best judge of what acquaintance your lady ought to have ; and therefore, if she sends you on a message of compliment or business to a family you do not like, deliver the answer in such a manner as may breed a quarrel between them not to be reconciled : or, if a footman comes from the same family on the like errand, turn the answer she orders you to deliver in such a manner, as the other family may take it for an affront.

Never clean your shoes on the scraper, but in the entry, or at the foot of the stairs, by which you will have the credit of being at home almost a minute sooner, and the scraper will last longer.

While grace is saying after meat, do you and your brethren take the chairs from behind the company, so that when they go to sit again, they may fall backwards, which will make them all merry ; but be you so discreet as to hold your laughter till you get to the kitchen, and then divert your fellow servants.

If you are ordered to break the claw of a lobster or a crab, clap it between the sides of the dining-room-door between the hinges : thus you can do
it

it gradually without mashing the meat, which is often the fate of the street-door key, or the pestle.

When you carry a glass of liquor to any person who hath called for it, do not bob him on the shoulder, or cry, Sir, or Madam, here's the glass; that would be unmannerly, as if you had a mind to force it down one's throat; but stand at the person's left shoulder and wait his time; and if he strikes it down with his elbow by forgetfulness, that was his fault and not your's.

When your mistress sends you for a hackney coach in a wet day, come back in the coach to save your cloaths and the trouble of walking; it is better the bottom of her petticoats should be dagged with your dirty shoes, than your livery be spoiled, and yourself get a cold.

It is much to be lamented, that gentlemen of our employment have but two hands to carry plates, dishes, bottles, and the like, out of the room at meals; and the misfortune is still the greater, because one of those hands is required to open the door, while you are encumbered with your load: therefore I advise, that the door maybe always left at jarr, so as to open it with your foot, and then you may carry out plates and dishes from your belly up to your chin, besides a good quantity of things under your arms, which will save you many a weary step; but take care none of the burthen falls till you are out of the room, and, if possible, out of hearing.

If you are sent to the post-office with a letter in a cold rainy night, step to the alehouse and take a

pot, until it is supposed you have done your errand; but take the next fair opportunity to put the letter in carefully, as becomes an honest servant.

If you are ordered to make coffee for the ladies after dinner, and the pot happens to boil over while you are running up for a spoon to stir it, or thinking of something else, or struggling with the chamber-maid for a kiss, wipe the sides of the pot clean with a dishcloth, carry up your coffee boldly, and when your lady finds it too weak, and examines you whether it has not run over, deny the fact absolutely; swear you put in more coffee than ordinary; that you never stirred an inch from it; that you strove to make it better than usual, because your mistress had ladies with her; that the servants in the kitchen will justify what you say: upon this, you will find that the other ladies will pronounce your coffee to be very good, and your mistress will confess that her mouth is out of taste, and she will, for the future, suspect herself, and be more cautious in finding fault. This I would have you do from a principle of conscience, for coffee is very unwholesome; and, out of affection to your lady, you ought to give it her as weak as possible: and, upon this argument, when you have a mind to treat any of the maids with a dish of fresh coffee, you may and ought to subtract a third part of the powder, on account of your lady's health, and getting her maids good-will.

When you step but a few doors off, to tattle with
a wench,

a wench, or take a running pot of ale, or to see a brother footman going to be hanged, leave the street door open, that you may not be forced to knock, and your master discover you are gone out; for a quarter of an hour's time can do his service no injury.

When you attend your lady in a dark night, if she useth her coach, do not walk by the coach side, so as to tire and dirt yourself, but get up into your proper place behind it, and so hold the flambeau sloping forward over the coach roof; and when it wants snuffing, dash it against the corners.

If your master or mistress happens to walk the streets, keep on one side, and as much on the level with them as you can, which people observing, will either think you do not belong to them, or that you are one of their companions; but, if either of them happen to turn back and speak to you, so that you are under the necessity to take off your hat, use but your thumb and one finger, and scratch your head with the rest.

When you wait behind a chair at meals, keep constantly wriggling the back of the chair, that the person behind whom you stand may know you are ready to attend him.

Directions to the Coachman.

Let your horses be so well trained, that when you attend your lady at a visit, they will wait until you slip into a neighbouring ale-house to take a pot with a friend.

If your master dines with a country friend,

drink as much as you can get ; because it is allowed, that a good coachman never drives so well as when he is drunk ; and then shew your skill by driving to an inch by a precipice ; and say, you never drive so well as when drunk.

Get a black guard boy to watch your coach at the church-door on Sundays, that you and your brother coachmen may be merry together at the ale-house, while your master and lady are at church.

Directions to the Chamber-Maid.

It sometimes happens, that a looking-glass is broken by the same means ; while you are looking another way, as you sweep the chamber, the long end of the brush strikes against the glass, and breaks it to shivers. This is the extremest of all misfortunes, and all remedy desperate in appearance, because it is impossible to be concealed. Such a fatal accident once happened in a great family, where I had the honour to be a footman ; and I will relate the particulars, to shew the ingenuity of the poor chamber-maid on so sudden and dreadful an emergency, which perhaps may help to sharpen your invention, if your evil star should ever give the like occasion. The poor girl had broken a large Japan glass of great value with a stroke of her brush : she had not considered long, when, by a prodigious presence of mind, she locked the door, stole into the yard, brought a stone of three pound weight into the chamber, laid it on the hearth just under the looking-glass, then broke
a pane

a pane in the sash-window that looked into the same yard, so shut the door, and went about her other affairs. Two hours after, the lady goes into the chamber, sees the glass broken, the stone lying under, and a whole pane in the window destroyed; from all which circumstances she concluded, just as the maid could have wished, that some idle straggler, in the neighbourhood, or perhaps one of the out-servants, had, through malice or accident, or carelessness, flung in the stone and done the mischief. Thus far all things went well, and the girl concluded herself out of danger. But it was her ill fortune that, a few hours after, in came the parson of the parish, and the lady (naturally) told him the accident, which you may believe had much discomposed her; but the minister, who happened to understand mathematicks, after examining the situation of the yard, the chimney, and the window, soon convinced the lady, that the stone could never reach the looking-glass without taking three turns in its flight from the hand that threw it; and the maid, being proved to have swept the room the same morning, was strictly examined, but constantly denied that she was guilty, upon her salvation, offering to take her oath upon the bible before his reverence, that she was as innocent as the child unborn; yet the poor wench was turned off, which I take to have been hard treatment. considering her ingenuity: however, this may be a direction to you in the like case to contrive a story, that will better hang together

gether. For instance, you might say, that while you were at work with the mop or brush, a flash of lightening came suddenly in at the window, which almost blinded you ; that you immediately heard the ringing of broken glass on the hearth ; that as soon as you recovered your eyes, you saw the looking-glass all broken to pieces ; or you may alledge, that, observing the glass a little covered with dust, and going very gently to wipe it, you suppose the moisture of the air had dissolved the glue. or cement, which made it fall to the ground : or as soon as the mischief is done, you may cut the cords that fastened the glass to the wainscot, and so let it fall flat on the ground ; run out in a fright, tell your lady, curse the upholsterer ; and declare how narrowly you escaped, that it did not fall upon your head. I offer these expedients from a desire I have to defend the innocent ; for innocent you certainly must be, if you did not break the glass on purpose, which I would by no means excuse, except upon great provocations.

When you bar the window-shuts of your lady's bed-chamber at nights, leave open the sashes, to let in the fresh air and sweeten the room against morning.

Making beds in hot weather is very laborious work, and you will be apt to sweat ; therefore, when you find the drops running down from your forehead, wipe them off with a corner of the sheet, that they may not be seen on the bed.

When you spread bread and butter for tea, be sure

sure that all the holes in the loaf be left full of butter, to keep the bread moist against dinner ; and let the mark of your thumb be seen only upon one end of every slice to shew your cleanliness.

Directions to the Waiting-Maid.

If you are so happy as to wait on a young lady with a great fortune, you must be an ill manager if you cannot get five or six hundred pounds for the disposing of her. Put her often in mind, that she is rich enough to make any man happy ; that there is no real happiness but in love ; that she hath liberty to chuse wherever she pleaseth, and not by the direction of parents, who never give allowances for an innocent passion ; that there are a world of handsome, fine, sweet young gentlemen in town, who would be glad to die at her feet ; that the conversation of two lovers is a heaven upon earth ; that love, like death, equals all conditions ; that, if she should cast her eyes upon a young fellow below her in birth and estate, his marrying her would make him a gentleman ; that you saw yesterday on the Mall the prettiest ensign ; and that if you had forty thousand pounds it should be at his service. Take care that every body should know what lady you live with ; how great a favourite you are ; and that she always takes your advice. Go often to St. James's park ; the fine fellows will soon discover you, and contrive to slip a letter into your bosom : pull it out in a fury, and throw it on the ground, unless you find at least two guineas along with it ; but in
that

that case, seem not to find it, and to think he was only playing the wag with you : when you come home, drop the letter carelessly in your lady's chamber ; she finds it, is angry ; protest you knew nothing of it, only you remember that a gentleman in the park struggled to kiss you, and you believe it was he that put the letter into your sleeve or petticoat ; and indeed he was as pretty a man as ever she saw : that she may burn the letter if she pleaseth. If your lady be wise, she will burn some other paper before you, and read the letter when you are gone down. You must follow this practice as often as you safely can ; but let him who pays you best with every letter, be the handsomest man. If a footman presumes to bring a letter to be delivered to you for your lady, although it come from your best customer, throw it at his head ; call him impudent rogue and villain, and shut the door in his face : run up to your lady, and, as a proof of your fidelity, tell her what you have done.

Directions to the Childrens Maid.

If your mistress cometh to the nursery, and offers to whip a child, snatch it out of her hands in a rage, and tell her she is the cruellest mother you ever saw : she will chide, but love you the better.

Directions to the Tutors or Governess.

Make the misses read French and English novels, and French romances, and all the comedies writ in king Charles II. and king William's reigns, to soften their nature, and make them tender-hearted.

MOTTO.

Swift, in one of his morning walks in Dublin, observing a new sign on a publican's counter with George the First's head on it, stepped into the shop and asked the man his reason for chusing such a sign, who replied it was to oblige some of his customers, who were very good friends to him when he kept the sign of the Blue-Bell. "What then (replied the Dean) "you have set aside your old sign?" "Not so, (answered the publican) "for "you see, Sir, (shewing him the other side of the sign) "I endeavour to please all parties. Here is "the Blue-Bell: and I wish, Sir, you would oblige me with a motto." The wit, who was no friend to the Hanoverian succession, called for a piece of chalk, and wrote under the King's Head,

May the King live long!

And under the Bell,

Dong-ding! ding-dong!

EPIGRAM.

A few days before the death of Dr. Swift, he took an airing, in a carriage, with a friend, in the Phoenix park. Observing some workmen at a distance, he enquired what they were about, and was informed they were building a magazine. "A magazine! (replied the wit, in his last interval of reason) "do, my dear friend, oblige me with your pencil and tablet;" on which he instantly wrote the following Epigram, which is the last flash of his genius on record.

O solid proof of Irish sense!

Here Irish wit is seen;

When

~~THE~~ *The Beauties of Swift*

464

THE BEAUTIES OF SWIFT.

When nothing's left for a defence,

We build a magazine!

~~FINIS~~

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